

Official Publication for the members of the Professional Bowhunters Society

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE



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THE GREATEST OF SPORTS



# Traditional Bowhunter<sup>®</sup> Magazine

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Cover Photo - Todd Brickel, Associate Member from Colorado Springs, CO with his 2020 Wyoming Shiras Bull moose. "It took me 21 years to draw the tag. I took him with my 60# Bighorn Ramhunter longbow, Douglas fir shaft with 2 blade Zwickery Black Diamond Delta broadhead."

# THE PROFESSIONAL BOWHUNTER MAGAZINE

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## President's Message

by Matt Schuster

matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

hope all of you are well, safe, and had a great hunting season. Congratulations to Sean Bleakley on being elected as our newest member of Council. He is a great addition to the team. As usual, PBS was fortunate to have two good candidates running for every office so when you get a chance please thank Ben Pinney, Vance Henry, and Andy Houk for throwing their names in the hat this go round. No doubt all of them will have their chance on Council down the road. As Junior Councilman, Sean's primary responsibility is to act as liaison with the associate membership, so if you are a new or existing associate and have any questions or problems, please contact Sean. That said, the entire Council is reachable so if Sean is not available feel free to contact any of us. Special thanks to Tom Vanasche for his time on Council – he has been a great asset and his wise counsel has always been helpful to me personally, and I hope he will continue to provide that when asked.

In the last issue of our magazine there were several statements, direct and indirect that were political in nature. These should not have been printed and will not be allowed in the future. Terry Receveur and I read every

article before it is accepted for the magazine, but we do not always read the columns and membership hunt pages. We will from now on. In the future there will be no allowance for any reference to anything political that is not directly or indirectly related to bowhunting or conservation. It is simple - PBS is a bowhunting organization and that is what bonds all of us. Although I enjoy a spirited political discussion as much as anyone, our magazine is not the appropriate forum for political opinions unrelated to what we do as a bowhunting organization.

On a much more positive note – PBS added 253 new members in 2020. Welcome to the new members! Over the past couple of years, our growth has been fueled by our concentration on social media and the support we have received from traditional bowhunting oriented podcasts. Initially, we started out with The Stickbow Chronicles, The Push, and Primitive Pursuits. Any mention of PBS on a podcast stays out there, so as folks go back and listen to podcasts that are several years old we get more and more exposure - so we are grateful for the support we got and still get from these podcasts. We have since added The Stickboys and The Green Mountain Podcast to the line-up. As you are driving around or sitting in your office, check these out if you have not yet. There is a wealth of knowledge flowing out over the airwaves on these podcasts as well as some good old-fashioned storytelling and the chance to meet some fascinating characters – many of them PBS members.

To continue to build our membership, we

are running a 2021 Membership Drive for the balance of the year. Sign someone up and you can throw their name or your name in the hat to win a great package of prizes. Please see the flyer in the magazine for all the details and start getting the folks you think belong in the PBS signed up.

Finally, a couple of friends of mine recently mentioned that they no longer subscribe to Traditional Bowhunter Magazine. The reasons vary from “I just keep forgetting” to “Well, I just get info off the internet now.” That bothers me. It might be me showing my age, but I will always support the businesses, like Traditional Bowhunter Magazine, along with the many other traditional bowhunting businesses that promote our sport in general and the PBS in particular. I avoid buying from the big box or the big internet companies because I want my dollars to go to the folks who support us. So, the next time you need a new bow, arrows, or armguard, think hard about looking at one of the folks that donate to our Gathering and support our magazine. They will appreciate your business.

Enough preaching – by the time you read this Council will have met at The Nugget in Reno and our 2022 Gathering will be planned. Like you all, I pray that life in the country is back to normal by then, and we can all get together and hug each other like we always do. Stay safe and shoot straight and put March 17-20, 2022 on your calendar because this Gathering in Nevada will be a can't miss event.

*Matt Schuster*

## We need your email address!

Want to be in-the-know about all things PBS? Join our emailing list for all the latest updates on your organization. If you have not received an email from the PBS President in the last month then we do not have your correct email address. (Be sure to check your junk mail folder as well as sometimes your email system may filter them as spam.)

**Please email Harmony your best email address at  
professionalbowhunters@gmail.com to be added to our email list!**



## Vice President's Message

by Terry Receveur  
Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

**G**reat friends are very hard to come by. We so often hear members of PBS refer to our organization as a family of like minded individuals and that we are brothers and sisters of the bow. I wish I could say that this statement rings true from the day you fill out your PBS application and send it in, but in reality in most cases it actually takes a little effort to feel the friendship and love of your PBS family. The best way to do this is to get out and spend some time with them. Fortunately, PBS offers a myriad of opportunities to do just that.

I've had the honor of getting to know and grow to love so many in our fine organization by simply going and doing stuff. Sometimes these opportunities come to you, sometimes you have to go to them, and sometimes you have to make the opportunities happen. Let me just share a few stories of opportunities I've had the pleasure to share with some of the finest and most generous men on the planet.

### *Reach Out to a Fellow Member*

It was over twenty years ago when Jeff Holchin and I connected for a quick night of bowfishing as he was passing through on one of his many hunting trips out west. We shot some nice carp and he being the adventurous guy that he is, when we approached a large snapping turtle he just had to grab it. All was peaches and cream until the turtle turned and snapped at his manly parts. The high pitched screaming immediately reminded me of a ten year old school girl. From that point on our friendship was iron clad. Due to Jeff reaching out to a fellow PBS member to get out and chase some fish, I have a great friend that I have been able to share hunts with from Alaska to Texas and many



places in between.

### *Host a Membership Hunt / Attend a Membership Hunt*

We all know the bonds that can be formed from sharing a hunt and PBS supports this by providing a forum and support for membership hunts. Again, many years ago, I organized a quick membership hunt of bowfishing on the Hudson River in New York. One of our great members, Sean Bleakley showed up as well as a few other great guys. Late in the evening we were heading up Catskill Creek and at the mouth of the creek is a restaurant and bar. They were playing some pretty loud music and we were just swept up in the mood and I grabbed Sean and had a little waltz on the deck of the boat. Sean has an awesome sense of humor and we have been fast friends ever since. Sharing camp in two different countries.



### *Donate to the PBS / Purchase a Hunt or Item*

The competitive bidding stopped and Tom Vanasche was the successful bidder on the alligator hunt I donated to a biennial gathering to support PBS. I'm not too sure Tom wanted to hunt alligators as much as he wanted to support the PBS. Either way, he was going gator hunting with me. We had a fun and exciting time. I remember Tom asking at one point, "Is it always so chaotic like this?" Well... yes! Tom and I were also able to hunt whitetail deer this year in Indiana. Over the years some of my best friends have been met because of their generous support of PBS. Jeff Holchin, Kevin Dill, Bryan Burkhardt, Bob Seltzer, Bill Terry, Sr., and others have donated to the gator hunt over the years and many others have supported the PBS by going on the hunts: Biggie Hoffman, Jerry

~ continued on page 4



~ continued from page 3 ~

Brumm, Michael Seltzer, Herb & Carrie Higgins, Kevin Clark, Bill, Dick, & Billy Langer, TJ Conrads, Rick Duggan, Daniel Holchin, Nathan & Jamie Fickert, Harmony & Jeff Receveur, Bo Slaughter and many others. The PBS has many very generous members and the number of hunts, bows, gear and other items donated is impressive. You just can't go wrong supporting the PBS by purchasing a donated hunt or item. It is likely one of your future friends will be a fringe benefit.

#### **Attend an Odd-Year-Gathering (OYG) or other Large Shoot**

Tim Denial and his family worked their tail off to host an OYG on their beautiful Pennsylvania property. I had a wonderful time shooting targets and the sh\_t with many members. These gatherings are a wonderful way to get to know our members. 2021 has a few scheduled throughout the US. Keep an eye out for the time and place.



Ted Kinney, Bo Slaughter and many others put in countless hours to coordinate and man PBS booths at large shoots throughout the country. You will absolutely run into PBS members at ETAR, Cloverdale, Kalamazoo, CTB Spring Fling, Compton Rendezvous, etc. Many campfires and adult beverages have added glue to friendships over the years.

#### **Attend a Biennial Gathering**

I won't go into the benefits of attending a Gathering as they have certainly been mentioned many times before. You won't find a better bunch of people in a single location anywhere!

#### **Volunteer to Serve**

If you have the ability to volunteer your time and talents to the PBS, you will definitely have the opportunity to work with some of the nicest and best people around. Gene and Barry Wensel, Gene Thorn, Preston Lay, Matt Schuster, Kevin Bahr, Rob Burnham, Ethan Rodrigue, Norm Johnson, Don Thomas, Doug Borland, Jim Akenson, Jack Smith all prior Council members, and countless others contribute their time to make our organization great. Working beside someone for a common goal is an exceptional way to get to know someone.

These are only a few of the opportunities the PBS offers for you to meet and find your next friend. As I stated at the beginning. Great friends are very hard to find, but the PBS certainly makes it easier.

I mentioned a few names in this column, but the list is far longer than we have space for. I know there are those who have donated and supported the PBS to the highest level and if I didn't mention your name... you know who you are and I can simply offer my sincere thanks!

Aim small and miss small.

*Terry Receveur*



## **Council's Report**

by Tom Vanasche  
tomvanasche@mac.com

**W**ell, it is hard to believe my time is up as a Councilman, as this will be my last column. Time flies as they say and I have frequently commented in this column on incrementalism. Things at times in our daily lives seem to move slowly, but then suddenly another year has passed. I have lost a few friends on earth again this year and most were unexpected and far too soon. Use your time

wisely as it is limited. Covid has brought that message home as well. If you have points in western states think about using them. If you have thought about your personal dream hunt often but never pulled the trigger, now is the time. With the vaccinations, the Covid crisis should be over soon and we will all want to get out and about. Now is the best time to act, as tomorrow is uncertain.

That's enough of morbid discussion. I've had a great time on an excellent Council and

I'm sure the current members will continue to be wise and fruitful. Please give them your attention and let them lead. The PBS is a wonderful brotherhood and despite these troubling times it will continue to be so with your generous support. I hope to see many of you in the future and may our next gathering in Reno be the best ever!

*Tom Vanasche*





## Council's Report

by Jeff Holchin  
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

Is 2021 the year that you will increase your commitment to the PBS? Maybe you finally apply for Regular Member status if qualified, or sponsor an Associate Member who is qualified and ready to move up? Perhaps you will submit an article for the magazine, or start a thread on the forum or our social media pages? Or decide to attend an OYG near you and meet some old friends or make new friends there? How about volunteering with the PBS booth at archery events like ETAR and the Compton's rendezvous, if they happen this year? If you are a craftsman, maybe you can make something to donate at an OYG or the upcoming Banquet in Reno? Maybe start thinking about running for Council someday? How about committing

to a Membership Hunt, or even host one yourself if you have a good area to share? Perhaps you will subscribe to the Stickboys' YouTube channel and listen to their podcasts and/or watch their videos? Maybe help out with our auctions and fundraisers, either by offering items or buying some? I was a loner many years ago when I joined the PBS, and I can distinctly remember the turning point in my personal involvement after a few years as an Associate Member – I decided to attend the 2000 Banquet in St. Louis; I didn't even get a room because I was gonna bail the first day if it wasn't any good. I was impressed yet intimidated with all the big names in bowhunting and the PBS who would be there: Glenn St. Charles, Dick Hamilton, Don Thomas, the Wensel twins, Monty Browning, G. Fred Asbel, Roger Rothhaar, and the list went on and on. What an eye opener to learn that these guys and gals were regular folks just like me (well, except that they all had some serious bowhunting skills and I have to rely on finding deaf, dumb and/or blind animals to fill my tags). It was like a family reunion. I wouldn't have believed it unless I had experienced it

myself (that's why we always say – you have to experience a Banquet yourself). After that experience, I gradually did every item on the list above, and my life has been the better for it. In fact, my wife and some of my old buddies tease me about my transformation from almost a recluse to a "social butterfly". If you start getting more and more involved with the PBS, you won't regret it, I promise!

In closing, I want to thank all the new members for joining and hope that you like what you see and experience, and stick with us. I want to especially thank Dr. Tom Vanasche for his excellent service on Council and congratulate his successor Sean Bleakley, and thank all those who ran for Council in the recent election. It is very comforting to know that the PBS will be fine regardless of which candidates win. Feel free to contact those of us on Council with any questions, comments or concerns that you have, or ideas to make the PBS even better. I hope that you can experience some adventures, fill some tags and make some bowhunting memories in 2021!

*Jeff Holchin*



## Council's Report

by Preston Lay  
longbow@cimtel.net

hope that everyone's hunting season has fulfilled all your wildest dreams and desires. In our daily challenges it's so nice to focus on bowhunting. It takes us far away even if only for a few moments each day. I know it sure helps me to maintain sanity.

I would like to thank Dr. Tom Vanasche for his dedication and leadership serving on

the PBS Council. Tom's a great leader as well as bowhunter. He also served in the Pope and Young club leadership which has helped to bring forth a perspective from another national group. Tom made me feel welcome as a new Councilman. For that I say thank you. I'm sure we will continue to see much involvement from him in the future. We were fortunate to have a couple great candidates running for his position.

I encourage our members to write up a hunting story and send pictures in for the magazine. We have so many great hunters with exciting stories to tell. Pictures can be emailed in, it's very easy these days to ex-

change information.

At the time I'm writing this Council report we have some member hunts taking place. It's such a great opportunity to explore new places and make new friends. I encourage all to watch the website and get in on a hunt. I promise you won't regret it. We also have some Odd Year Gatherings coming up.

In the meantime remember its up to us to preserve bowhunting's traditional values. We need to be the example. I wish all well and relief from the pandemic. God bless.

*Preston Lay*



# Chaplain's Corner

by Gene Thorn

912 Kedron Rd., Tallmansville, WV 26237

(304) 472-5885 pethorn@hotmail.com

# Spring is on the Way!

**W**est Virginia is blanketed with snow as I write this Chaplain's Corner. It has not stopped snowing for five days and it keeps piling up wet heavy snow that is hard to walk in and even harder to shovel. I shoveled our deck, ramp, and walk yesterday and it is buried again this morning. This is a good day to build up a fire in the fireplace, drink coffee and read a good book. It is a time of reflecting back on the season we just experienced. I have been busy the last couple of weeks making and smoking seventy pounds of trail bologna, ten pounds of hog casing stuffed smoked sausage, and several smoked roasts from the venison that came from the buck and three does I killed. I also canned nineteen quarts of venison chili. We have a good supply of cubed steak, burger, tenderloins, and steaks vacuum sealed in the freezer. The Lord has surely blessed us! In the winter is a time of getting our gear cleaned up and ready for days ahead. I build my arrows, tie

up strings, and put new strings on my bows. My packs need attention and re-organizing. Clothes need cleaned and patched, if needed. I am a fly tyer so I sit at my tying desk and turn out flies to fill empty spaces in my fly boxes. I am planning on going to the PBS Odd Year Gathering in the Bighorn Mountains of Wyoming in July and spend some time flyfishing with some of my PBS friends before the event. Afterward I am planning on driving up to Montana to visit with my nephew and his wife and baby daughter, and do some flyfishing with him. He is in the Air Force and is stationed in Great Falls. I need to tie some Western pattern flies for that trip.

Spring is on the way and the possibilities of a new year lay before us. It has been a rough year since we met in Springfield, MO last March for the PBS Gathering and we are certainly not in good times now.

**Song of Solomon 2:10 My beloved spoke, and said to me: "Rise up, my love, my fair one, And come away.**

**11 For lo, the winter is past, The rain is over and gone.**

**12 The flowers appear on the earth; The time of singing has come, And the voice of the turtledove Is heard in our land.**

**13 The fig tree puts forth her green figs, And the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Rise up, my love, my fair one, And come away!**

None of us knows what the future may

bring but we live one day at a time. This year 2021 may be better, or worse, than 2020 but each day is unique and can be a mountaintop day or a valley day. We have to take them as they come and keep pressing on. We as bowhunters know very well how things can change in a moment, and we take the hard times to get to the victory times. We brave extreme cold, extreme hot, being wet, mosquitoes, ticks, briars, climbing rugged mountains, wallowing through swamps, crossing rivers, thirsty, hungry and tired but we keep going just on the hope to release that one arrow that may hit or miss. And we do it again and again, trip after trip, year after year... because we are bowhunters. That is who we are and what we do.

We as Christians are also great at keeping on. We know the Lord is with us every step of the way. We have read the end of the Book. We know how this ends and we are not afraid of any of the things this world throws at us. Faith... not fear is our choice. This world is crazy right now... but this world is not our home. We just take it as it comes here, and do our best to serve God and take as many others with us to heaven as we can.

**Matthew 6:25 "Therefore I say to you, do not worry about your life, what you will eat or what you will drink; nor about your body, what you will put on. Is not life more than food and the body more than clothing?"**

**26 "Look at the birds of the air, for they neither sow nor reap nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feeds them. Are you not of more value than they?"**

**27 "Which of you by worrying can add one cubit to his stature?"**

**28 "So why do you worry about clothing? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they neither toil nor spin;**

**29 "and yet I say to you that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.**

**30 "Now if God so clothes the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is thrown into the oven, will He not much more clothe you, O you of little faith?"**

**31 "Therefore do not worry, saying, 'What shall we eat?' or 'What shall we drink?' or 'What shall we wear?'"**

**32 "For after all these things the Gentiles seek. For your heavenly Father knows that you need all these things.**

**33 "But seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added to you.**

**34 "Therefore do not worry about tomorrow, for tomorrow will worry about its own things. Sufficient for the day is its own trouble.**

So we will just continue on taking one day at a time, building our arrows, putting new strings on our bows, hunting each season as they come and enjoying the blessings that God gives us. We will deal with the snow and rain or sunshine that the day brings. I am looking forward to seeing some of you at the Virginia and Wyoming Odd Year Gatherings this summer. Keep your chins up brothers and sisters. I saw thirty turkeys in our field yesterday afternoon scratching down into the food plot we sowed last August. Four were nice gobblers. Their feathers will make good fletches for my arrows, and lots of good fly tying material. Not to mention slices of turkey breast in the cast iron skillet in butter with morels and ramps. **Spring is coming!**





**2021**

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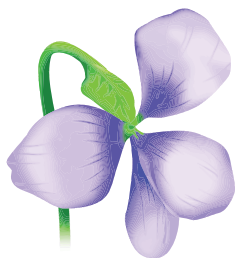


# Regional Profile →

This is an ongoing segment in the magazine titled “REGIONAL PROFILE”. In this segment we will highlight one state and give a brief explanation of species available to hunt, out of state license fees, public land opportunities, and any other information that might be helpful to fellow members interested in taking advantage of that state’s hunting opportunities. This addition will probably be an evolving process so

any suggestions or comments are welcome!

Ideally, we would like to select a state in one region then move to another region altogether and continue the cycle until we have eventually covered all states. So please give some thought to contributing to the magazine in this small way for upcoming issues.



## Wisconsin

By Joe Lasch



**W**hen researching out of state hunting opportunities it seems that Wisconsin is often overlooked. Maybe it is because there are so many other great options available in the Midwest, or maybe it’s just that people aren’t aware of what Wisconsin has to offer. Let’s take a look.

Whitetail deer take the spotlight, and for good reason. But there are also black bear and turkeys to consider. I’ll get into those as well, but let’s start with the deer. Estimates show Wisconsin with a population of 1.2 – 1.5 million whitetails. And that is the post hunt population after an annual harvest of over 300,000 or more every fall. As of this writing the 2020 season harvest totals are 331,000+ and we still have a few weeks of extended archery season to go in many parts of the state. Populations are generally in the range of twenty to fifty deer per square mile of habitat and tend to be highest in a band running from the southwest through the central part of the state.

For those who like to target large antlers Wisconsin certainly has more than its share. It ranks as the number one producer of Boone & Crocket bucks in the country and number four for Pope & Young entries. Like anywhere of course, the giants aren’t behind every tree. Where you hunt is a big factor. Private land that limits access obviously has advantages, but there are quality deer taken from public land each year as well.

You will be hard pressed to find a more economical state to hunt whitetails. A non-resident annual deer license is \$160, and if you

haven’t hunted here in the past ten years the price is cut in half to \$80. There is currently a proposal to increase license fees across the board though so check later this year to see if revisions have been passed. The standard archery license includes one tag for an antlered buck. Depending on the county in which

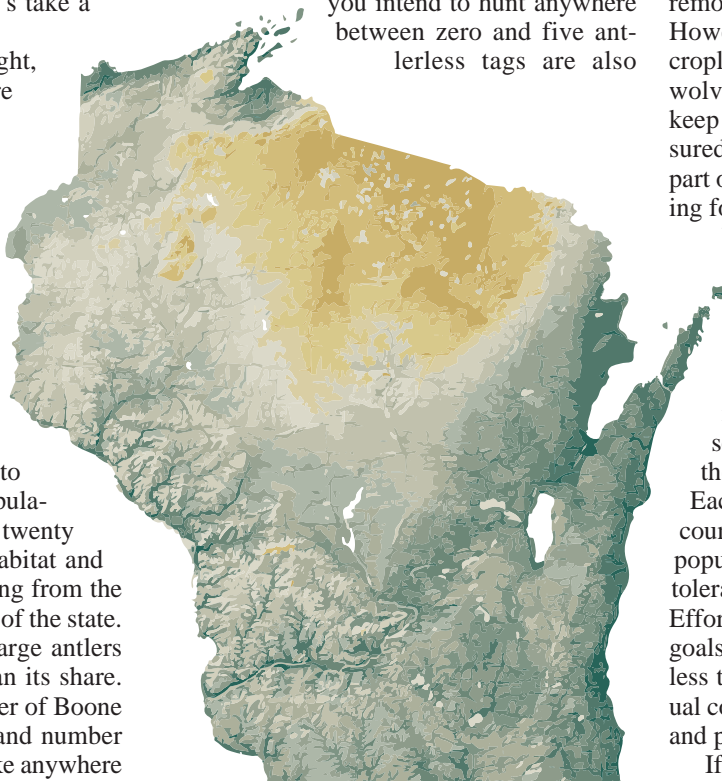
you intend to hunt anywhere between zero and five antlerless tags are also

to buy. Regulations are complex, so it pays to do your homework.

Wisconsin is divided up into specific management zones and the habitat varies widely from one end of the state to the other. Far northern Wisconsin contains vast acreages of public land open to anyone. And some of those remote stretches hold some wise old bucks. However, the lack of habitat diversity and cropland, occasionally tough winters, timber wolves and management goals by the DNR keep populations on the low end when measured in terms of deer per square mile. That part of the state is a tough place to make a living for a whitetail. The hunting is challenging but might just be the remote experience that you are looking for and a chance at a mature buck. The central forest management zone holds some of the same opportunities and challenges.

The management zones that currently have the highest populations and some of the best deer hunting available are the central and southern farmland zones. Each zone is further divided into units by county and managed independently based on population trends, habitat available and the tolerance of public and agricultural interests. Efforts to control the herd within population goals are primarily through the use of antlerless tags. They are allocated by each individual county and allocated separately for private and public use.

If you are considering a hunt in Wisconsin the best place to start your research is the Department of Natural Resources website. There you will find a vast trove of information detailing the harvests broken down by county and by season and weapon type. Just like in most areas of the country with good hunting, permission to hunt private land can be difficult to come by without knowing somebody. Many



included. In some counties bonus antlerless tags in addition to those included with your license may also be available for purchase at \$20 each. Depending on where you are hunting the antlerless deer limit is literally only restricted by how many permits you are willing





out of state hunters will be looking for public land. You can use an atlas to get an idea, or use one of the computer mapping services such as OnX. Study the county harvest information from the DNR website and compare it to the public land available for those counties.

When searching for public hunting areas don't necessarily just focus on the largest tracts that you can find. There is a vast assortment of smaller public hunting parcels scattered all over the state. Keep in mind that many public hunting areas are managed for species other than deer such as pheasants or waterfowl. But of course, deer love some of the same habitat and often there will be thick cover in more remote sections of the parcel that receive little pressure from the bird hunters. Difficult to navigate terrain such as swamps and stream crossings will help to limit hunting pressure and offer opportunities to hunters willing to put in the extra work. Hip boots and good physical condition are one way, or if you have access to a boat, canoe or kayak that could be a great way to access some land that others will ignore.

Excellent public hunting lands can be found throughout the state. One good place to start your search might be the Lower Wisconsin River bottoms between Prairie du Sac and the confluence with the Mississippi river. Another would be the Kickapoo Valley Reserve

north of LaFarge. Both offer some excellent habitat and plenty of public land in what I consider to be the most beautiful part of the state. Southwestern Wisconsin is called the driftless area because it was untouched by glaciers, leaving a network of steep rugged hills and valleys. As a bonus, that part of the state contains some outstanding trout fishing streams for the fly fisherman.

Be aware that Wisconsin does have a significant history with Chronic Wasting Disease (CWD) in the whitetail deer herd. It was first found here in 2002 and has expanded its range ever since. The vast majority of positive CWD tests have come from the southwest part of the state however isolated examples have popped up elsewhere. The state does offer free testing for your harvested animals and instructions on how to have that done are on the DNR website.

Black bear is the other big game animal with huntable populations in the state. Historically they have been most common in the northern third of the state, however they have been expanding their range further southward every year. In 1989 it was estimated that about 9,000 bears lived in the state and the most recent estimates put that number closer to 24,000. Hunting takes place in early September into October and permits are allotted on a draw system. The draw is a preference point

based system, so if you are interested in bear hunting here it will take a number of years building points before you can hope to obtain a permit. During recent years approximately eleven thousand permits have been awarded and the harvest has been about 3,700 bears. The deadline to apply for a permit or preference point is December 10th for the following fall season.

Bear hunting is divided into six different zones. Hunting with the use of bait is allowed in all six, while hunting with the use of dogs is allowed in the three most northern areas. Of course, you can certainly use other methods such as spot and stalk or calling if you are really up for a challenge. In zones where dog hunting is allowed the bait hunters and dog hunters alternate by receiving a one-week head start to their season. Much of the bear population occurs in parts of the state with extensive public land so there are opportunities for the do-it-yourself hunter.

Historically wild turkeys roamed the state but by 1881 they had been eradicated. Early attempts at reintroduction were largely unsuccessful. In 1976 a program was initiated with the state of Missouri where Wisconsin traded six ruffed grouse for each wild turkey. Twenty-nine turkeys were initially obtained and stocked in Vernon county in the southwestern corner of the

~ continued on page 10 ~



souri continued for the next nine years. As the population expanded here, they were subsequently trapped and relocated into wider and wider areas and now, less than fifty years later turkeys are found in good numbers in every county. Wisconsin has become a leading turkey hunting state with excellent populations and an annual harvest averaging over forty thousand birds.

Spring turkey seasons are divided into six, week long time periods beginning in mid-April and running into late May. The state is divided into seven turkey zones and permits are allocated on a draw system. The early dates are by far the most popular and more difficult to draw without a preference point. But if you are flexible with when and where you would like to hunt it is relatively easy to draw a tag every year. The application deadline for the following year is December 10th. Most years there are leftover tags available for some of the later dates that go on sale first come first served in mid-March.

Spring seasons are for male or bearded turkeys only. Hunter success rates are higher during the earlier hunt periods in April. However, don't discount the later weeks. Lower success rates during those weeks can be at least partially attributed to decreased interest and effort on the part of hunters as the weather warms and attentions drift to other outdoor activities. Once the hens have begun sitting on their nests it can be a great time to call in a tom looking for one of the few available girlfriends.

Wisconsin also offers a fall turkey hunting season that is for turkeys of either sex. In zones one through five the season runs from mid-September through the first weekend in January. In zones six and seven it closes in mid-November. Fall turkey tags are available over the counter. You simply need to indicate in which zone you would like your permit valid. Southern zones generally also have additional bonus tags available if you would like more than one permit. Fall hunting in Wisconsin does seem to be more of an opportunity hunt with many hunters obtaining a permit but not actively hunting them frequently.

In addition to some outstanding hunting opportunities Wisconsin is a beautiful state to visit, especially in the fall. Campgrounds and tourist accommodations are plentiful in most areas of the state. Whether you are looking for a hard core serious hunt for trophy bucks, a combination hunting and fishing trip or a family vacation you will find that Wisconsin has something to offer for everyone.

# Cancel Culture Comes to Bowhunting

By Don Thomas

**T**he appearance of the term "cancel culture" is a recent but increasingly common phenomenon. There is no universal agreement about its meaning, and some dispute that it exists. Conservatives commonly accuse liberals of engaging in it, but liberals make the same charge against conservatives—no surprise in today's toxic political environment.

While acknowledging this lack of precision in its definition, the term generally refers to a situation in which someone expresses (or is said to express) an opinion so unacceptable to others that the offended parties deny the right to express it. Hypothetical examples, left-leaning observers might protest an appearance by a conservative author scheduled to speak at a campus event. Or, conservative listeners might rally against a liberal blogger with charges of political correctness and demand that his or her opinions be taken down from a website. What is at stake is not opinions, but the opportunity to express them.

Unlikely as it may seem, this trend has now reached the world of bowhunting, aided and abetted by the Internet, which seems to be cancel culture's medium of choice. I recently had a taste of it when I published an established contributor's opinion piece on bear baiting in *Traditional Bowhunter Magazine*. We knew that decision would be controversial but held to our longstanding policy of welcoming opinions even when we know not everyone would agree with them.

The intensity of the response still caught me by surprise. The matter quickly blew up on the Internet, that staunch friend of cancel culture. We

were told that the legality of the practice alone should put it beyond the reach of questioning, and that somehow running the piece was "helping the anti-hunters" (a common but illogical refrain whenever one hunter dislikes something another hunter is doing). Subscriptions and scheduled podcasts were canceled—cancel culture expressed literally.

Despite all the venom expressed in cyberspace, only a few readers actually contacted me directly. As the co-editor who made the original decision to run the piece (for which I take responsibility), I dealt with most of them. My response to all was an offer to run any well-written piece expressing support for an opposing opinion about hunting bears over bait. Only a few accepted that invitation. With one exception, what I received contained too much personal anger and not enough reasoned argument about bear baiting. The invitation still stands.

Bowhunting is full of controversies: hunting from tree stands, over water holes, or with dogs. Carbon arrows vs. wood. More issues than can be listed here deserve to be discussed in a mature, respectful fashion. Doing so will be good for bowhunting and will not help anti-hunters. All of us have a right to decide as we choose but disagreeing with the message does not create a right to shoot the messenger. Cancel culture has justifiably become anathema to many, but if you don't like it when others do it to those on your side of the argument, don't do it to others when they express opposing opinions.





# What My Recurve Means To Me

By Grant Hooten

**M**ost young boys and girls grow up hunting with a rifle, as did I, and those memories of hunting over food plots and corn fields in South Georgia with my dad are memories I will cherish until my time on Earth is over. I am forever grateful for my dad giving me the love and passion for hunting and the outdoors that he did. It wasn't until my father-in-law, Ethan Rodrigue (a long time PBS member) introduced me to traditional bowhunting and shooting a recurve that I truly unlocked the meaning of what hunting really is to me and so many others in the traditional community.

So, with my newfound excitement of wanting to learn to hunt with a recurve, Mr. Ethan and I made a handle for some limbs he currently had. When I fired that first arrow from a piece of equipment I helped make I was "bit by the bug" as they say. Only in the traditional world can you walk around and shoot stumps while scouting for the season, or go shoot with some of your good friends and just tell stories that this wonderful sport has blessed you with, and to me that is awesome! Shooting a traditional bow gives me the key to the door of so much history and stories from Saxton Pope, Fred Bear, Art Young and so many other

pioneers of the bowhunting world and what all they did for this sport.

When I grip the handle, draw the string back, anchor, and pick a tiny spot on the target I am trying to hit, I seem to get lost and truly become one with a weapon that has been

used for hundreds of years to provide so many with food and clothing and that gives me a rush like no other. I have learned more from my first year hunting with my recurve than my many years of hunting with a rifle and have connected with the true art and excitement that comes along with the never-ending pursuit of traditional bowhunting.

It does not matter if I harvest a deer or just add another invisible tally to my book of memories from a day in the stand. And I have learned quickly that unless you are talking to someone that shares the same passion, they will not understand what drives you to run around the woods with a stick and string, and spend countless hours studying the game you pursue daily. It is a connection with not only the outdoors, but with the animals you harvest that gives me the excitement to wake up and continue doing it day in and day out.

I can only dream God blesses me enough to pass it down to my son and grandkids so they can share the same stories and memories that I will put in my book forever! I hope that anyone reading this can relate and this is what my recurve means to me.





# Hand Me Down

By Schafer Magnant

In 1993, as many know, we lost one of the best bowhunters ever to walk the face of the earth, Paul Schafer. The following year, with an ultimatum from my mother, I was born with a full head of hair and with my father at the hospital and not hunting I was given the name Schafer.

Fast forward a few years, the story of Hand Me Down begins. In 1998 my father finally ordered a Schafer Silvertip. On top of being 66@29 to be legal to chase moose in Vermont he also had Dave Windauer write "Hand Me Down" on the riser. His intentions were to eventually pass it along to me.

After many years of my father hunting

with the bow, we fast forward once again to Christmas of 2011. After what one could say was a trying year on a personal level, I opened up "Hand Me Down" from under the tree. Even after the twelve years since he received it, I opened it from the original box, containing a few strings, the original packaging and a card. Safe to say this is not what I was expecting and I was blown away. To this day, I remember placing my hand on the checkered grip and looking up at my dad in shock. I don't think either of us technically shed a tear; however, being perfectly honest, I was holding them back.

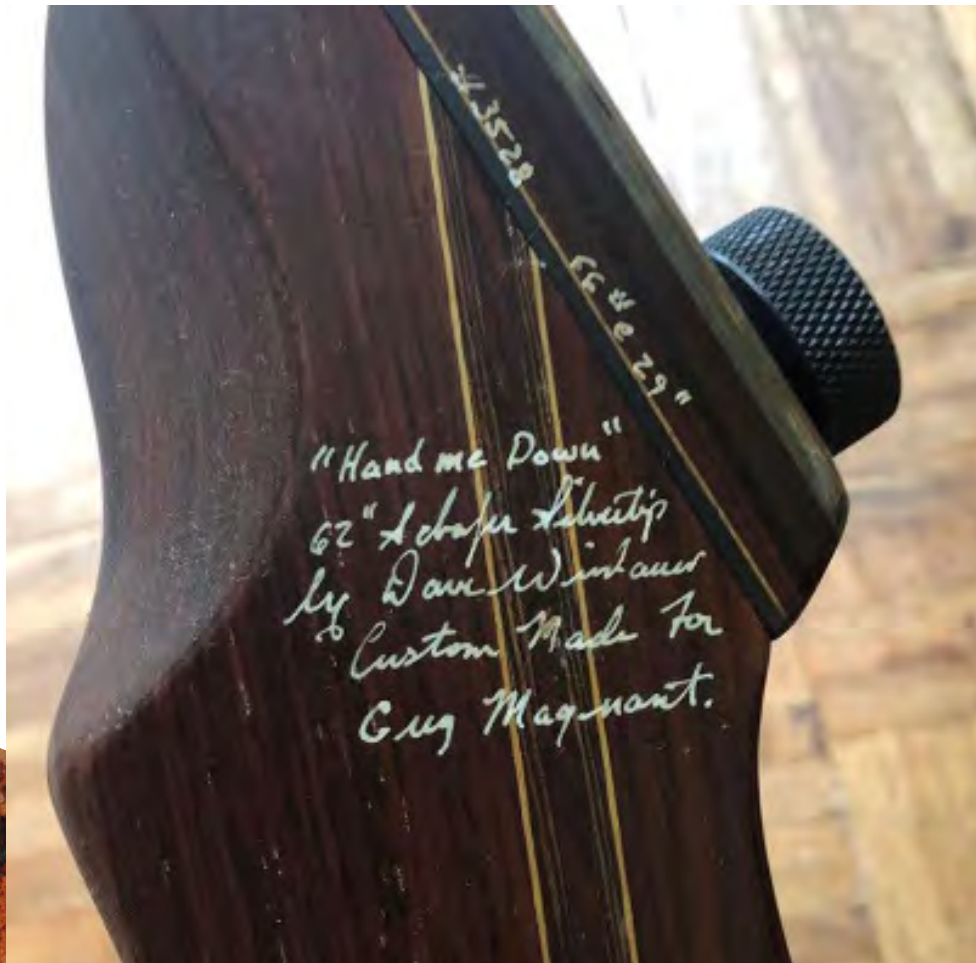
Naturally, even after being told I should wait to shoot the heavy weight 66@29

Silvertip, being a stubborn teenager, I naturally decided to fight through the weight and shoot it. I managed to get used to the weight fairly quickly, or at least that's what I told myself. That would be the bow I carried into the woods that year. With no success, I started to have some neck issues and shoulder issues and decided to put the bow down. I still contemplate whether it was the weight or previous injuries that caused it.

Skipping ahead another eight years, after college, a few various bows, and some help from my father, I finally ordered a set of matching lighter limbs for "Hand Me Down". The new limbs came in at 54@29 and were right in my wheel house. At this point I made a point of wanting to get an animal down with the bow. On top of getting the new limbs, I decided to add an additional touch and ordered a custom engraved quiver. On the quiver was, "Hand Me Down, In Memory of Paul Schafer".

The first attempt to draw blood with "Hand Me Down" would come in spring turkey season. On opening morning after having a turkey come into my father's calling, I drew back and let the arrow fly. With my fantastic shooting on turkeys, I found myself once again plucking. Following opening morning we went out a handful more times and never got another chance.

Month after month passed by and finally led to the Vermont deer season. With "Hand Me Down" in my hand I was going into 2020 with a lot of excitement and optimism. Opening day passed with two deer spotted at some distance. Going into day two I knew I was going to be solo in the morning with rain on the horizon. Sitting near a worn-down trail I had found previously, I listened to acorns fall in the distance. I knew I had missed the hot spot by a bit that morning. Getting out of the stand once wrongly forecasted rain started to hammer down, I retreated till the afternoon. Walking through the field for the afternoon sit, my father and I had both decided to sit on a chunk of land to the east that we didn't readily hunt as much. As I crested the wood line, mother nature unloaded an hour's worth of rain drenching me to the bone. Unsure of





the rain I decided to bail on the original plan and decided to check out the oak dropping the massive acorn crop from the morning. Finding the tree, I knew that this was a hot spot and if deer were going to feed after the rain, this was where I needed to be.

Getting up into my saddle, I didn't have to wait very long before two yearlings startled me by galloping to the oak. After a quick thought process and grabbing my bow, I had decided I was going to let them go. At that moment I looked over my shoulder and saw two mature does coming in. One of them was out of range; however, the second was walking right down Broadway into my expected shooting lane. Quickly making the decision that I was indeed going to shoot, I made a quick mental note as to where the best spot would be, between two saplings. Shortly after that, as if she had read the script, she made her way there. I drew my bow, hit my anchor, picked a spot, and watched the arrow fly. Watching the arrow pass right through both lungs like a hot knife through butter I knew it was a done deal. After watching her run off I frantically attempted to call over to my father. He answered he was on the way. With daylight fading quickly I decided to take up the trail before he had made it to my location. Once I found blood it was an easy track. My father whistled to me as I began making my way up the small neighboring ridge. With my father finally making it to my side I peered over the top of the ridge and saw my doe a short twenty yards away. I jokingly looked at him and said, "Easiest blood trail ever for you!" Walking up to my doe,



I started to embrace what I was finally able to accomplish. Finally, I managed to harvest a deer with "Hand Me Down".

To some what might seem like such a simple feat has been one of the most satisfying moments of my life so far. Being named after Paul has always been something I have been proud of. To finally take a deer with a Schafer Silvertip and it being "Hand Me Down" is something else that I'm proud of.

Looking back on it now, there was a feeling of relief and accomplishment. When my dad finally passed on "Hand me Down" it almost felt like he passed on the baton, and I had been given one of my purposes in life. I'm sure this wasn't intentional on my father's end. However, to me it was almost clear what I had to do and what I wanted to do. Now that it has been done I can look back and savor the moment and remember it for as long as I can. Hopefully one day, I can also pass on "Hand me Down".



# Take My Advice, I'm Not Using It

By Mark Wang

**M**any of my friends are curious about how I'm able to take so many big game animals. Oh, they may not come right out and say it, but I can see the looks on their faces when I hang a deer on the old meat pole. There are a lot of double takes, coffee spitting, or even looks of complete disbelief. I can almost hear the gears turning in their heads wondering how I could possibly have killed a deer when they themselves haven't seen a thing. One of my friends said that wasn't correct. He said they see plenty of deer, they were just amazed that I got something. Jealousy isn't pretty. Sometimes they try their hand at witty comments trying to get me to divulge one of my secrets. They say things like, "How much damage did it do to your truck?" Or something to that effect. Yes, they're always trying to figure how I was able to pull it off.

Well, I've decided to go ahead and give out a few pointers to some of the younger hunters and maybe a few seasoned veterans. These are tried and true scouting and hunting techniques I've come up with over the years. I've tried them and they may be true.

I've found over the years, I don't do things like most people do. Something my wife is quick to point out all the time. But, if a person applies these techniques, it will definitely change their success rate.

One of the most important skills any bow hunter must possess is the ability to read and utilize signs. Deer signs particularly make it really kind of easy to find. Drive most any rural back road and the signs will appear all over. Many hunters don't realize that although deer cannot read, they do recognize pictures of themselves.

Learning to use these signs to one's advantage can be tricky. This can take years of study but I'm going to give up my secret. Placement. It's that simple. Sign placement is the key to making this technique work. As we all



My nephew thirty minutes before shooting his first deer.

know deer see these signs and find these areas are safe places to travel. We must place our signs in areas unused by most other hunters, or hidden deep in the woods where others are unlikely to travel.

Now first of all I don't want people going out and stealing signs. Make your own signs. There is a lot more satisfaction when a person takes a deer using homemade equipment. Make three or four cardboard



Typical deer sign.

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This is a photo of the "hoof" I use. Notice, it is affixed to a traditional hiking stick.



signs. Install them using thumbtacks. This allows us to create travel routes for the deer. This is also a great aid to young hunters just starting to learn about hunting. Let the youngsters hike around the woods and find a "Good Spot" on their own.

My next tip might be considered a little sneaky to some guys. But trust me, outsmarting the other hunters is just smart hunting. The first step is to carve a very large deer hoof from a block of wood. This hoof must be very large for the deer in a person's general hunting area, but not so large that it is unbelievable. This hoof is then affixed to a walking stick of some type. As I scout an area for deer throughout the late winter through summer and into the fall, I carry this with me. While walking through areas with little sign and poor hunting opportunities, I continually press the hoof into the ground. Note: try

not to leave any human tracks as this is done. This will make other hunters think there is a giant deer roaming this area. Now, the next step. When an area of good sign and prospective good hunting is located, we move to part two. In these areas, a person will have two walking sticks with a boot sole on each stick. **LEAVE AS MUCH HUMAN SIGN AS POSSIBLE.** Stomp tracks everywhere. This will give the impression that too many people are already hunting this area and will discourage others from messing with the place. Of course, mock scrapes and rubs are also all used with this technique.

The next bit of wisdom is used in areas where the feeding of game is legal. Although I don't like the idea of hunting deer over a feeder, I have a deer feeder set up in my back yard. It's there as a source of entertainment. My wife and I will watch deer in the evenings as we relax on our back deck. Over the years, I've found that if I placed old dirty tee shirts, some socks, smelly old hats, etc. around the feeder, the deer became accustomed to my scent. I am then able to hunt way back in my woods away from the feeder not having to worry about the deer smelling me. In fact, the deer usually smell me and come looking for the free hand out associated with the scent.

And finally a practical tip for the successful hunter. Before hanging a deer from any elevated location, cut its feet off. This is to prevent the deer from escaping in the night. This last fall during the PBS hunt in the Land Between The Lakes, I was able to take a giant Cumberland River whitetail. We hung the deer from a tree branch in the campground for the night. After waking the next morning, I headed down to the tree to start skinning and processing the deer. As I approached the tree, I noticed the deer was missing. The strain of the massive buck was too much for the leg sized branch we had suspended it from the night before. However, since I had had the forethought to remove the legs before hanging the deer, I was able to track him to the base of the tree. I simply hung him from a bigger branch and finished processing him there.

Remember, don't stop thinking, people will pass you up... Next time I will explain how to take family photos using trail cameras.

## New Qualified Regular Members

We list the following names of members who have applied for regular membership in PBS and have been approved by the Council. These individuals have completed a lengthy application and are currently in their one-year probationary period. If you are a regular member and see any reason why any of these applicants should not be accepted, please send a signed letter stating your reasons to PBS Senior Councilman Tom Vansasche, 37731 NE Bond Rd., Albany, OR 97321.

Please note, the Council can only take into consideration statements that can be defended. **FACTUAL STATEMENTS ONLY**, not hearsay or personal unfounded opinions, can be considered as reasons to reject any of these applicants.

-PBS Officers and Council

**Associates applying for Regular status:**  
**Thomas Schmiedlin, Leechburg, PA**

The advertisement features a green background with a white logo of two stylized trees and the text "Great Northern Bowhunting" in a cursive font. Below this, a black bow is shown with a quiver attached. The text "CRAFTING QUALITY BOWS & QUIVERS SINCE 1982" is prominently displayed in a bold, sans-serif font. At the bottom, the website "www.GreatNorthernBowhunting.com" and the address "8635 Thornapple Lake Rd., Nashville, Michigan 49073" are listed, along with the phone number "Phone: 1(269)838-5437".

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# ELECTION RESULTS



## President

200 Matt Schuster  
42 Ben Pinney  
1 Abstain



## Vice-President

197 Terry Receveur  
46 Vance Henry  
0 Abstain



## Councilman

161 Sean Bleakley  
76 Andy Houck  
6 Abstain

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# 2020

## Profit and Loss Statement January - December

### Revenue

Associate Member Dues	\$30,950.38
Regular Member Dues	\$15,172.00
Magazine Ad Income	\$3,349.58
Merchandise Sales	\$3,483.30

#### BIENNIAL GATHERING 2020

2020 Registrations	\$13,351.67
Merchandise Sales	\$3,848.58
Auctions	\$71,283.97

**Gathering Subtotal** **\$88,484.22**

Misc. Member Contributions	\$470.95
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**Revenue Total** **\$141,910.43**

### Expenses

Magazine (4 Issues)	\$24,919.85
Merchandise	\$1,069.91

#### BIENNIAL GATHERING 2020

Travel/Meals/Hotel for Council	\$3,912.29
Auctioneer	\$1,250.00
Name Badges and Awards	\$3,522.00
Spouse Tour	\$2,515.29
Mugs	\$1,044.98
Oasis Hotel	\$31,949.98
Misc.	\$633.28

**Gathering Subtotal** **\$44,827.82**

2020 Election	\$47.08
Stamps/Postage	\$1,105.72
Phone	\$220.00
Liability Insurance	\$3,778.00
Accounting	\$1,800.00
Bank Charges	\$12.50
Payroll	\$25,449.69
Office Supplies/Expenses	\$588.02
Website/Forum/Email Blasts	\$802.00
Advertising	\$1,062.78

**Expenses Total** **\$105,683.37**

**Total Profit/Loss for 2020** **\$36,227.06**

# 2021

## General Expense Account Budget January - December

### Estimated Revenue

Current Associate Member Dues	\$31,000.00
Projected New Member Dues	\$7,000.00
Regular Member Dues	\$15,200.00
Magazine Ad Income	\$4,000.00
Merchandise Sales	\$3,000.00
Odd Year Gatherings	\$2,500.00
ETAR	\$2,000.00
2022 Gathering Early Registrations	\$17,000.00
Misc. Member Contributions	\$500.00

**Projected Total** **\$82,200.00**

### Estimated Expenses

Magazine (4 Issues)	\$25,000.00
Merchandise	\$1,000.00
2021 Election	\$30.00
Stamps/Postage	\$1,200.00
Phone	\$220.00
Liability Insurance	\$3,778.00
Accounting	\$1,800.00
Bank Charges	\$25.00
Payroll	\$26,000.00
Office Supplies/Expenses	\$500.00
Website/Forum/Email Blasts	\$675.00
Advertising	\$540.00
Odd Year Gatherings	\$500.00

**Projected Total** **\$61,268.00**

**Estimated Profit/Loss for 2021** **\$20,932.00**





# UNITED WE ACT

## for Preserving Bowhunting's Traditional Values

It is the purpose of the Professional Bowhunters Society® to be an organization whose membership consists only of persons who are considered Professional Bowhunters in ATTITUDE, and who vow:

- That by choice, bowhunting is their primary archery interest, and their ultimate aim and interest is the taking of wild game by bow and arrow of suitable weights in a humane and sportsmanlike manner;
- To share their experiences, knowledge and shooting skills;
- To be a conscientious bowhunter, promoting bowhunting by working to elevate its standards and the standards of those who practice the art of bowhunting;
- To provide training on safety, shooting and hunting techniques;
- To practice the wise use of our natural resources, the conservation of our wild game and the preservation of our natural habitat.

## Associate Members receive these benefits:

- A quarterly magazine, The Professional Bowhunter
- Participation in PBS programs
- Use of the PBS Information/Education Services
- Free use of the lending library, including videos and books
- The opportunity to defend the sport against anti-hunting forces

### Associate Member Application

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Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Age \_\_\_\_\_ Hunting Bow Weight \_\_\_\_\_

Email Address \_\_\_\_\_

Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_

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P.O. Box 22631 • Indianapolis, IN 46222

Phone 801-888-3802

email: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com

PBS Website: www.ProfessionalBowhunters.org

Yearly fee: \$35.00 per year • (Canadian members: \$40.00 U.S. per year) • Shoulder patch: \$5.00 • Decals: \$3.00

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☐ Mastercard Phone ( ) \_\_\_\_\_ Signature \_\_\_\_\_



# Welcome new members to the PBS family!

## January

Walter Vosburgh - Boynton Beach, FL  
Barry Winner - Westminster, MD  
Thomas McCloskey - Warrendale, PA  
Joe Davis - Sharpsville, IN  
Josh Jenkins - Underwood, IN  
Robert Durant - Barberton, OH  
Shannon Crisp - Wooton, KY  
Ryan Dambacher - Auburn, IL  
Duke Bell - Columbia, SC  
Fabrizio Fodera - Milan, Italy  
Cody Tillery - Rigby, ID  
Stéphane Ducoli - Vallee Des Colons Noumea, New Caledonia  
Christopher Clark - Kingsley, MI  
Parker Buchholtz - Detroit Lakes, MN  
Eric Hoff - Detroit Lakes, MN  
Richard Pippenger - Bristol, IN  
Milan Liesener - Williston, ND  
Kelly Dockter - Driggs, ID  
John Labar - West Des Moines, IA  
Jess Stanley - Chatsworth, GA  
Gregory Purnsley  
Jacob McReynolds - Abingdon, VA  
Jerry Short - Bessemer, AL  
Kevin Mead - Limerick, ME  
Patrick Acuna - San Diego, CA  
Ed Downey - Lineville, IA  
Justin Webb - Bedford, IN  
Michael Sevek - Hackettstown, NJ  
Gary Bird - Greensboro, NC  
David Baer - Mountain View, WY  
John Bochenek - Milan, MI  
Jonathan Basker - Livingston Manor, NY  
Rich Lopez - Sykesville, MD

Mark Hoeksema - Highland, IN  
Joseph Kobert - Butler, PA  
Scott Craig - Ligonier, PA  
David Durant - Barberton, OH  
John Wallace - Afton, MN  
Jack Harrison - Santa Cruz, CA  
Mark Cerulli - Mashpee, MA

## February

Herb Meland - Casper, WY  
Bart Hogge - Bedford, VA  
Rodney Zielke - Southland, TX  
Shawn Ferguson - Venetia, PA  
John Mark Mortensen - Beacon Falls, CT  
Tom Adrien - Macon, GA  
Christopher Errickson - Jackson, NJ  
Gary Weaver - Anchorage, AK  
Brian Juhas - Ashley, MI  
Mikhael Hayes - Santa Cruz, CA  
Jim Babcock - Albany, GA  
John Provenza - Lawrenceville, NJ  
Anthony O'Neill - Warwick, NY  
Joshua Ouellete - New Castle, VA  
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## Professional Bowhunters Society® Council

### President

**Matt Schuster**  
1663 Ivey Road  
Warrenton, GA 30828  
Phone: 404-386-2229  
Email: matt@easterndynamicsinc.com

### Vice President

**Terry Receveur**  
8855 Stoddard Lane,  
Indianapolis, Indiana 46217  
Phone: 518-755-9119  
Email: Terrance.Receveur@Taconic.com

### Council-At-Large

**Norm Johnson**  
1545 Decker Pt. Rd.  
Reedsport, OR 97467  
Phone: 541-271-2585  
Email: norm@blacktailbows.com

### Secretary/Treasurer/ PBS Magazine Editor

**Harmony Receveur**  
P.O. Box 22631  
Indianapolis, IN 46222-0631  
Phone: 801-888-3802  
email: pbsmagazine@gmail.com

### PBS Office

**Harmony Receveur**  
P.O. Box 22631  
Indianapolis, IN 46222-0631  
Phone: 801-888-3802  
Mon.-Fri. 10:00 AM-2:00 PM EST  
email: professionalbowhunters@gmail.com  
PBS Website: professionalbowhunters.org

### Councilman

**Jeff Holchin**  
1860 Rocky Face Church Road  
Taylorsville, NC 28681  
Phone: 828-303-6120  
Email: jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

### Councilman

**Preston Lay**  
P.O. Box 73  
Jennings, OK 74038  
Phone: 918-757-2259  
Email: longbow@cimtel.net

### Councilman

**Sean Bleakley**  
130 Lindsey Ave  
Buchanan, NY 10511  
Phone: 845-243-4226  
Email: seanbleakley45@gmail.com





He left evidence of his presence in the area.

By Preston Lay

**“B**y his presence, my spirit is feverish. But my heart is warm. This is my sunrise; my day. I am the hunter”

When your birthday is in November, I guess it’s just meant to be that I would be a passionate bowhunter of whitetail deer. Being born on November the eleventh is a perfect day for hunting rutting bucks. For whatever reason, I had never taken a buck on my birthday. I had taken bucks on the tenth and the twelfth, but the eleventh has always eluded me. Oh, there have been opportunities over the years. Most were young bucks that I chose to give a pass and some were great ones and for various reasons the opportunity never presented itself.

My annual routine is taking two weeks off work near the first weeks of November. I don’t have to remind anyone that this year has been a challenge to say the least. So, it was no surprise when my time off began that the weather that was just terrible. Unseasonably warm and very windy Saturday through Monday. A cold front came on Tuesday morning rushing in with strong north winds and rain. The front passed through overnight leaving Wednesday morning with cool calm weather. The stage was set for November 11.

Knowing that the bucks were heating up and having the first cool day in so many unstellar days, I planned to sit on stand all day. The morning dawned with no disappointment. Clear, cool and a slight breeze. The deer were moving, too. My set up was a travel corridor running north and south along a hardwood ridge. The ridge is surrounded by open prairie with a few intersecting brushy drainages. The ridge has several series of woodlots of various size and each one tapers into a brushy connection into the next. It’s a perfect funnel to sit when the bucks are on their feet and moving. Over the years I have experienced fantastic action here with as many as fifteen buck sightings in a single morning.

As the morning progressed, I heard deer running and buck grunts off to the south of my stand. I got glimpses of them. There were three bucks chasing a single doe. Two were small and one looked decent. I was focused! All of a sudden to the north, I heard a deer running my direction. I knew what was happening and I grabbed my bow to be ready. A doe ran past my tree at less than twenty yards. I heard another one coming my way accompanied with grunts. As he neared, I noticed he was a mature buck. I was ready but all my attempts to stop him never even slowed him down. He had that doe on his mind and another buck grunt wasn’t changing his mind. After that the action had passed, I sat

down and thought to myself, what a day!

A few more bucks came and went but nothing I was after, so they all got a pass and I kept enjoying the morning. I was sitting in the treestand and checked the time, eleven o’clock. Something caught my attention. I looked up and a mature buck is twenty-five yards and closing. I quickly readied myself as he was passing into my primary lane at twelve yards. I saw the arrow pass completely through his chest. He whirled around leaving the way he came. I could see the blood covered arrow sticking in the ground. It felt good and looked good, my only concern was the



The palmated buck occasionally visited wicks in October.





arrow striking a touch high.

I impatiently waited an hour before taking up the trail. I was surprised to find a difficult trail. I combed through every inch of the nearest drainage. After my due diligence I popped out on the southwest side. With me standing in just the right spot, with the sun's position and where he had fallen, I spotted him with the sun glistening off his hair. What a day this had been and what a magnificent buck he was. Both sides of his antlers were palmated and the mass grew as they went up. He was a mature old buck that I knew was in the neighborhood and I couldn't have been prouder for the opportunity. The icing on the cake (no pun intended) was that it happened on my birthday!

*"I marveled that I have lived to enjoy this moment and the opportunity of hunting in a land teeming with wildlife; A land painted by our Maker's hand. I cherish this moment, this mountain, this day and this life. Where but here can a man know such freedom?"*

Preston hails from near Jennings, OK and currently serves on the PBS Council. On this hunt Preston used a Black Widow recurve, carbon arrow tipped with a four bladed Zwickey broadhead.



Beginning and ending sentence excerpted from the poem "Reflections of the Dawn" author unknown.

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# My Open Door

By Tim Garner

I grew up going on family Canadian fishing trips every year and as the years went on the trip turned from my grandparents' trip to my uncle's and mine. My uncle, Paul Ladner, a regular member with PBS, and I would spend sixteen hours each way in the car year after year. My uncle always amazed me with being able to spot animals at a distance while driving. At that time, I didn't understand how his eyes were so gifted at finding deer in fields a hundred or more yards away. I have since learned how.

He often talked about his new hobby and his love of deer hunting. After moving to west central Illinois, my uncle was working as an orthodontist and one of his partners had several farms. Paul started shotgun deer hunting on his partner's farms. He told me stories about learning how to hunt, different events that happened in the field, and most importantly his desire to hunt more. Shotgun hunting turned into bow hunting and finally traditional bow hunting. His eyes would light up when he talked about his hunts, which as a boy growing up in the suburbs of Chicago, this activity was completely foreign to me.

One Canadian fishing trip I told Paul, "Hey, if you ever get a chance to invite someone to come with you, I would love to try it!" Several years later while I was working, my phone rang. It was Paul, he was excited to tell me that he had just purchased a farm and that I could come and try hunting. Of course, I was extremely excited. I entered the shotgun tag lottery and started preparing to join Paul on his farms and try hunting.

November 2008 came, I was thirty years old and I drove out to Paul's house. He gave me some quick tips and said, "Tomorrow you can follow me to the farm because I have to work." He showed me where to go with a point and gave me a brief description of how to find this ladder stand he set up for me, and then went to work. I walked down a long dark field, scared of every noise and the crunching of the standing corn or the noise of a racoon in the timber. I wished my gun was loaded because I thought something was going to come out and get me. Thank goodness, I found the stand. I saw seventeen deer that morning and never pulled the trigger. I had no clue how to hunt, deer would see me and leave the area. I was

shocked at how little I knew and how these "dumb" deer outsmarted me. I hunted the first season and the second season in Illinois and I still was unable to harvest a deer. I was embarrassed and determined to get a deer. I spent my nights reading about deer hunting and deer in general. I hunted two antlerless only hunting weekends and I was even more frustrated. That's when Paul told me that if I bow hunted, I could hunt more.

I bought an old Bear Black Panther Recurve off of Ebay and drove out to Paul's house yet another time. I shot some arrows with Paul in his shed and the next morning I went to hunt. I didn't have a climber at the time and that is how Paul and his son, Richard hunted this farm. At the time we only had two stands on the farm, and with my bow, I wanted to get closer to deer than the stands that we had allowed. I sat on the ground behind a deadfall and had a close encounter with a group of deer. I never released an arrow, but the feeling of being less than fifteen yards from four deer got me hooked.

I harvested my first deer with a shotgun the last day of that season, but I was determined to get one with my bow. In 2009 I hunted almost every weekend of the season. I had a huge learning curve that year. I was figuring out how to get a shot off and then how to pick the right shot. I talked with Paul about what I was doing and how I could be better. I listened to stories about shots and was absorbing information like a sponge. In early



Small buck standing where I shot the doe that then tracked the doe and stayed with her after she expired.

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November it happened, and I harvested a small buck.

I was becoming a more seasoned hunter. I now used a climber like Paul and was learning more and more each year. I learned from Paul how to track deer and what to do when you think or know you made a bad shot. I was lucky to be taught countless lessons from great PBS members like Mark Viehweg, Kevin Bahr, Mark Wang, Bernard Swank, Bob Brilhart, Elmer Servis, and Larry Fischer. The passion and ethics of our membership amazes me, and I joined the PBS as an associate member.

There are really three big things that Paul really preached to me while sitting around the fire in the cabin. Number one, always hunt the wind, no matter how bad you smell, if the wind is in your favor you're golden. Number two, use your climber and be able to adjust because of the wind and the deer movement. Number three, you can't double if you get out of the tree, so if you know you made a good shot and watched the deer crash, sit there and see what else happens.

November of 2019, I had come down to the farm to go hunting during the rut. I got up in the morning got dressed and headed out to the farm for the morning hunt. I went to "Bob's Tree Area," named after Bob Brilhart because he hunted a tree there when he was in town. I hunted as close to that tree as I could that day. There was a white empty oil jug that kind of marked the area. We had always left it there as a part of the history of the farm. I used my climber and set up with the wind in my favor and started my hunt.

I had room in my freezer and wanted to get at least one more deer but could store two more. An hour after sunrise I spotted a doe on one of our mowed lanes in the timber that was going to put her twenty yards away from me. Here it was, my chance. I released the arrow and was lucky enough to watch her crash within view on the other side of the draw.

Everyone else was hunting, it was cold, and I remembered that I could harvest another deer but this time I would only shoot a mature buck. I was shaking and calming down from the adrenaline rush I had just experienced. I looked over to my right and saw a young buck coming. It was tracking the doe I had just watched crash and walked right over to it and tried to get it up. I pulled out my binoculars and watched this buck with the doe for the next hour or so. I was fascinated by what I was watching, and I totally turned my focus away from hunting.

While glassing the buck and doe in the distance, I heard the crunch of leaves that every hunter knows, "That isn't a squirrel." I dropped my binoculars from my eyes and saw a really nice buck heading across the area in between the doe and I. I've seen bucks over there before and assumed he was going to do what I have witnessed in



the past and go down the draw he was headed for. The buck was crossing the blood trail from the doe and stopped. He looked around, smelled the ground, he became alert, and changed his direction. He started heading behind the tree I was in. I had a lot of backdrop behind that tree and as a result I thought I had no shooting lane to shoot at this buck. My heart was racing. I got my bow out of its holder and started looking for a hole in the branches to give myself a chance at this deer. I found one way behind my tree. It was about an eighteen yard shot to that area. I thought, "If that buck actually walks into that hole, I'm going to take a shot." He did! I knew that was my only chance and I drew back my bow. I hit my anchor and the buck snapped its head up to look at me at that exact moment. Before I knew what happened the arrow was in the air. I watched the buck spin after the shot and recognized what had happened. My

arrow went into the deer right in front of his back leg but didn't pass through. "A gut shot," I thought as I watched the deer run out of view. I was crushed that I made a bad shot and didn't know how I could miss that badly. I stayed in that tree for an hour trying to hear any sign of the buck. At one point within minutes of the shot I heard a loud crunch that I thought was a deer crossing the creek below. I got down and backed out, the same way I learned from Paul.

I now had a dead doe in the woods that was in the same general area I watched this buck run. I couldn't get her without fear of bumping the buck, so I went back to Paul's cabin. I explained to Paul everything that happened and that I needed to go back before sunset to deal with the doe and track the buck. Paul agreed to go back with me. We had time to waste before going

~ continued on page 40

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# EASTERN ODD YEAR GATHERING

## APRIL 16<sup>TH</sup>, 17<sup>TH</sup> & 18<sup>TH</sup>

Hosted By Tim & Cindy Denial • 8147 Wattsburg Waterford Rd., Union City, PA 16438

- 2-3 Primitive camping
- 30 target 3D course
- Food and Beverage available.
- Bucket raffle
- Prize shoot across the pond.

### Hotels for 2021 Odd Year Gathering:

These hotels are located at route 97 and I-90 exit 27

### The following hotels and prices:

Red Roof	\$79 + tax	814-868 5246
Motel 6	\$64-\$74 + tax	814- 868 0879
Days Inn	\$72 + tax	814-868 8521
LaQuinta	\$111 + tax	814-864 1812
Quality	\$90 + tax	814-864 4911
Super 8	\$119 + tax	814-864 9200
Baymont	\$121 + tax	814- 866 8808

At this exit Restaurants include McDonald's, Arby's, Taco Bell, Barbato's Italian, Tasty Bowl Asian cuisine and sushi bar, Doc Holiday's, and Black Jack's (good burgers and wings).

The exit west of this one is route 19 and I-90 exit 24 with a ton of restaurants and hotels but farther from OYG.

Country Inn	\$124 + tax	814 866 5544
Soltice Inn	\$109 + tax	814 864 5810

Best Western	\$104 + tax	814-920 4196
Microtel	\$99 + tax	814- 864 1010

**Directions from this location to Odd Year Gathering address 8147 Wattsburg Waterford Rd. Union City, PA:**

South on route 97 .7 mi. turn left onto Robinson Rd. go 1.4 mi. turn right at the T and Old Waterford Rd. go .3 mi. turn left onto East Rd. go .6 mi. to T turn right onto Lake Pleasant Rd. go 7.2 to T turn right go 3 mi. exactly turn right onto Wattsburg Waterford Rd. we are the 4th place on left. Total mi.13.7.

### Directions from North East, and Wattsburg:

Go five miles towards Union City on Rte. 8 turn right onto Arbuckle Rd. go .5 mi. turn left. 4th house on left. From Union City go towards Wattsburg on Rte. 8 turn left on Arbuckle Rd... go .5 mi. turn left 4th house on left.

From Waterford go towards Union City and follow dir. from Union City.

### FOR MORE INFO CONTACT:

**Tim Denial**

zebdenial@gmail.com  
1 (814) 438-7847

# SOUTHEAST ODD YEAR GATHERING

## JUNE 4<sup>TH</sup>, 5<sup>TH</sup>, & 6<sup>TH</sup>

Held at Sherwood Archery Club • 2720 Timberview Road, Roanoke, VA 24019

- Several 3-D courses
- Food and drink will be for sale in clubhouse kitchen
- Clubhouse has kitchen and restrooms
- A raffle will be held
- The Stickboys crew will be there
- Primitive camping available
- Hotels nearby
- Vendor space will be available – check with Randy Brookshier if interested
- Saturday night potluck - Venison chili will be provided
- Sunday morning worship service

The 2021 Southeast OYG will be held on June 4-6 at the Sherwood Archery Club in Salem, Virginia, in conjunction with the annual S.T.A.R. shoot. Check out the website <https://sherwoodarchers.org/> for details and plan to attend if possible. There are several 3-D



~ continued on page 25 ~



~ continued from page 24 → courses, a clubhouse with a kitchen and restrooms, and primitive camping is available (plenty of hotels nearby too). Donations are needed for the raffle so please make or bring something for the cause.

**FOR MORE INFO CONTACT:**

**Jeff Holchin**  
jeffreyholchin@gmail.com

**Randy Brookshier**  
stykbow59@comcast.net

# BIGHORN MOUNTAINS ODD YEAR GATHERING

## JULY 16<sup>TH</sup>, 17<sup>TH</sup> & 18<sup>TH</sup> (come early & stay late)

Located in the vicinity of Burgess Junction in the Bighorn Mountains of North-Central Wyoming (final location TBD based on area use immediately prior to the event)

- Primitive camping with outhouse provided
  - Nightly bonfires with live music and S'mores (BYOS)!
  - Potluck Dinners on Friday and Saturday evenings
  - Saturday chili cookoff lunch and trade blanket swap meet
  - Practice range of member loaned/donated targets (no scoring, no awards)
  - Clout shoot contest (Winner's Award)
  - Popinjay shoot contest (Winner's Award)
  - Aerial targets (Winner's Award)
  - Other local activities include trout stream fishing, Medicine Wheel archaeological site, hiking, marmot hunting, tree hugging
- Donation of \$30, no charge if you bring a loaner target!  
Award contests \$10 each event. Range fee and contest fees waived with target donation.

BRING PLENTY OF ARROWS including at least 6 flu-flu arrows and 6 tipped with HTM blunts! Members and their guests are welcome. **\*NOTE\*** Attendance limited to the first 74 people that RSVP! (A Forest Service permit is required for groups of 75 persons or over).



**IF YOU PLAN TO ATTEND RSVP TO:**

**Steve Hohensee**

steveh.wyoming@protonmail.com

TEXT: 1 (307) 299-7040

# MIDWEST ODD YEAR GATHERING

## AUGUST 6<sup>TH</sup>, 7<sup>TH</sup> & 8<sup>TH</sup>

Hosted By Ojibwa Bowhunters Of Milwaukee WI, 3045 S. Johnson Rd., New Berlin, WI

- 2-3D shooting ranges – 1 broadhead range
- Novelty shoot
- Shooting passes are:
  - One Day – \$15.00      Two Day – \$20.00
  - Three Day – \$25.00      Kids under 12 are Free
- Free vendor spaces
- Contest – raffles & silent auction
- Friday night potluck – venison bbq provided
- Saturday & Sunday food and beverage can be purchased including breakfast
- Free camping with limited electric supply.
- Other hotels in the area

**FOR MORE INFO CONTACT:**

**Brian Tessmann**

bowretev@execpc.com

1 (262) 389-6319

**or Chris Bahr**

cbahr@heartlandtoolsupply.com



# 2021 PBS Membership Hunts

In the past decade we have had some awesome Membership hunts all over the country, for animals such as hogs in Texas and Georgia, black bears in Alaska, Virginia and New Hampshire, elk in Utah, Colorado and Wyoming, turkeys in Virginia, and deer in Ohio, Kentucky, South Dakota, Arizona and Alaska. The PBS is fortunate to have members who are generously hosting these Membership hunts; some are limited to just a handful of PBSers while others can handle a dozen or more PBSers. Some of them fill up quickly so you need to plan accordingly. Many of the following hunts are held annually, while others are one-time events. Most are on public land with OTC licenses/tags while others require the application/drawing for certain tags. These hunts are great opportunities to meet your fellow PBS members and to bowhunt areas and/or animals that you might not get to do ordinarily. They could also be great recruiting opportunities for the PBS – if possible, consider bringing along a bowhunter that you think would make a good PBS member. **We can always use more of these great hunts – contact Jeff Holchin at [jeffreyholchin@gmail.com](mailto:jeffreyholchin@gmail.com) if you have questions about these hunts or if you are thinking of hosting one yourself.**

## 1 April 2021

### South Dakota Turkey Hunt

Steve Hohensee ([steveh.alaska@gmail.com](mailto:steveh.alaska@gmail.com)) and Mark Viehweg ([mviehweg99@gmail.com](mailto:mviehweg99@gmail.com)) are hosting this hunt in western SD.

## 2 October 2021

### Land-Between-The-Lakes (LBL) Kentucky

Mark Wang and Scott Record ([springbayouarchers@gmail.com](mailto:springbayouarchers@gmail.com)) are hosting this annual hunt for whitetails and turkey. Cabins are available and you will eat well, guaranteed! KY tags are OTC and reasonably priced. 2021 dates are October 2-10 - reserve NOW if you want in.

## 3 October 2021

### Rough Mountain Memorial Hunt

Rob Burnham will host a memorial hunt for his long-time hunting buddy Ed during the third full week in October. This is a cool hunt with opportunities for whitetails, bears and turkeys plus small game – the terrain is steep so you had better be in shape!

## 4 October 2021

### Blue Ridge Mountain Hunt

Randy Brookshier ([stykbow59@comcast.net](mailto:stykbow59@comcast.net)) will host this annual hunt during the last full week in October. This is a great hunt with opportunities for whitetails, bears and turkeys plus small game – Randy does all the cooking and has access to several nearby tracts of private land owned by PBSers. This hunt fills up fast so contact Randy now if you want to join this hunt in 2021. Pro tip – hunt close to Randy because he is a magnet for all critters big and small!

## 5 December 2021

### Blackbear Island Georgia hunt for whitetail deer and hogs

Matt Schuster ([matt@easterndynamicsinc.com](mailto:matt@easterndynamicsinc.com)) will again host this amazing hunt on Blackbeard Island, GA for whitetail deer and hogs. It is usually the first full weekend in December and hunters will need the GA big game license and a NWR permit. Boat shuttle service will be provided by Jerry Russell for a fee and there is no limit to the number of PBSers that can attend this unique hunt, unlike most Membership hunts. There is a primitive campground with showers and an animal processing pavilion. We go to the island on a Wednesday to set up camp and scout, then hunt Thursday through Saturday, and depart the island on Sunday.



**More possible dates to come. Visit [www.professionalbowhunters.org](http://www.professionalbowhunters.org) and click on the Member Hunts 2021 tab for an up to date list.**

*Photos from Past Member Hunts*



# BOAT BASED BLACK BEAR

By Herb A. Higgins

It was our second caribou hunting trip to Alaska. Sitting on the side of the mountain, basking in our success, I appealed to Paul about coming back up and chasing black bears. His interest was stirred. The following spring I spent quite a bit of time talking to Roark at the Homer Ocean Charter (HOC) display at the Madison, WI PBS banquet. Returning home, I pitched the idea to Paul who thought it sounded good. With the boat chartered we began working out the logistics. There was also the need to find four other hunters; that was the simple part.

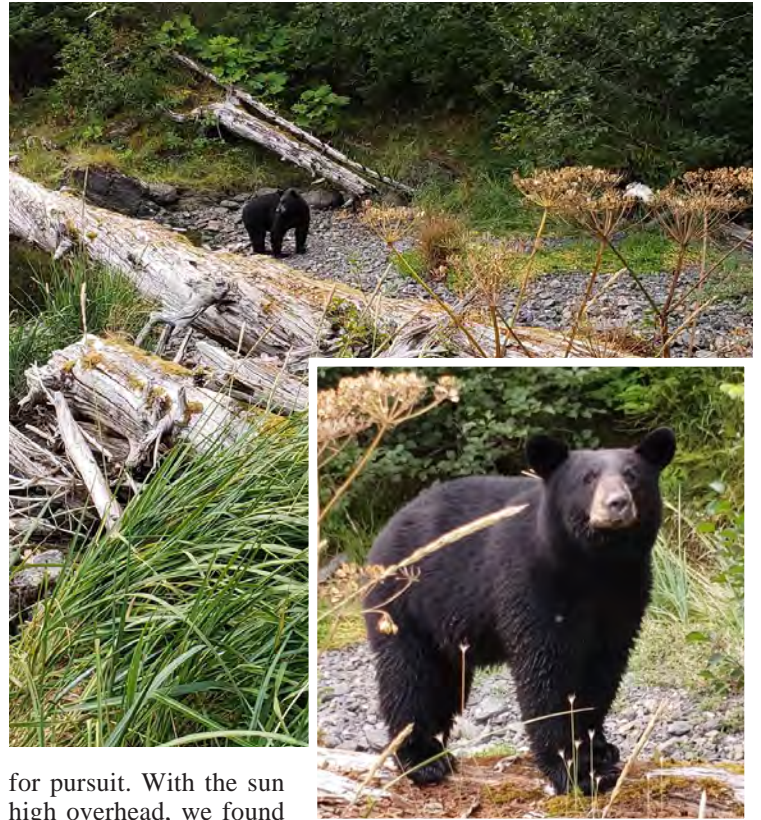


Reflecting on my personal hunting opportunities, I realized that being part of a collective group had often been a key part. Truly, *Knowledge Through Experience* was a critical factor when undertaking any new endeavour. Looking across our group, there were five of us that were part of our state bowhunting organization (Indiana Bowhunters Association) and four that were part of the PBS. I went online and filled out three applications and it became an IBA / PBS black bear hunt. (My mentor to both groups always preaches recruitment, even if it is forced!)

A rough itinerary was shared among the group. Good information and answers to questions from HOC resulted in a good idea of what lay ahead. Time came for initial deposits, lodging reservations, licenses and tags, and flights to be booked. Arrangements were made to meet and travel as a group. A family tragedy hit one member days before scheduled departure. We were now a group of five.

The second leg of the trip allowed us to see smoke from the forest fire that raged across the Kenai Peninsula. We did not know the anxiety that would create for us later. The accommodations in Homer were found to be stupendous – providing a view of the Kachemak Bay and the Homer Spit. We could see at least three different glaciers. A sight-seeing trip to the spit was in order, followed by dinner.

Dawn of our scheduled departure day found us on the back deck of the Outer Limits. We watched the sun rise as we left the Homer port and headed out to sea. The next several hours were spent stowing gear and getting to know the crew. Captain Roark's first mate, Aaron, turned out to be from Indiana! What a small world. A couple of bears on the beach ratcheted up the excitement but the heavy swells prevented any attempt



for pursuit. With the sun high overhead, we found ourselves approaching our destination. The wind died out making for smooth water.

As the water and weather were very accommodating, the next several hours were spent trolling. Several coho (silver) and chinook (king) salmon were caught. Then we turned to jigging in sixty to seventy-foot depths and brought up ling cod, greenlings, black rockfish, quill back rockfish, and halibut. We had not even set foot on shore to bear hunt and already this adventure was more than any of us could have imagined.

~ continued on page 28





As late afternoon approached, we headed to one of the more extensive bay areas. Aaron took Paul, Kevin & Allen to a creek that came in from the north. He then took John and myself to a creek that was southeast.



Salmon lined the banks and the stream bed in various stages of their annual spawning run. Dead salmon pieces on the bank provided obvious bear sign. I headed upstream while John chose to hunt closer to the bay. The banks were thick with alders. The streambed offered the most conducive method of travel. Slick rocks and down timber made for slow progress. Sign, both old and fresh, was prevalent. As the sun fell, I headed back.

Along the way, I encountered a young bear. I was able to enjoy watching him cross the creek to my side and work a hole of water, catching a couple of salmon and eating them up on the bank. A swirl of the wind caused him to lift his head and look my way. More curious than anything, he closed the distance with his nose up in the air, sniffing loudly. He even climbed up on a log and was within six feet at one point before moving off up the thick brushy hillside. I met up with John a bit further down. As we walked to the bay, he told me of his encounter with a similar sized bear that would not close to stickbow range. Aaron arrived and shuttled us back to the Outer Limits. The others soon joined us. We swapped stories and pictures over a dinner of roast ham, mashed potatoes, and salad.

A breakfast of pancakes and Kodiak Sitka deer sausage greeted us the next morning. We all chose to return to our respective hunt areas from the previous night. During the morning hunt, John had excitement with a bear in range that he would have taken had a shot been presented. Paul also had an encounter with a small bear at an exciting twelve yards! Leftover ham created sandwiches we wolfed down as Captain Roark took us out to fish. The rigs were twenty-four ounce jigs we lowered to the bottom, one hundred and twenty feet down. Black rockfish, yellow eyed rockfish, halibut, and king salmon were all brought up. There were also

some unknowns that grabbed the jigs and took line, never stopping!

Fishing for the week ran the gamut: trolling brought in coho (silver) and chinook (king) salmon; jigging while drifting from sixty to one hundred and twenty foot depths hooked up ling cod, greenlings, black rockfish, quill back rockfish, yellow eyed rockfish and halibut; and jigging cut bait while anchored hooked up ling cod and halibut. The salmon runs were in full swing and massive schools were encountered regularly. Seiners were a constant companion as they worked to eke out their annual income in the few short weeks that was provided. The fauna was extensive. Sea lions, orcas, whales and puffins were highlights. One afternoon we trolled close along an island. For several hours while fishing we were entertained by groups of mountain goats grazing above.

On day three, Aaron dropped John and I at a place where several drainages merged. Our plan was to hunt this myriad of creeks all day. After following the main channel about a half mile in, John and I split. He followed a braid of creek to the south while I continued up the main channel to the treeline. I moved out of the creek and walked a well-worn trail parallel. As I entered the trees, I paused to let my eyes adjust. Looking ahead, I could see a very small bear padding along the same trail on which I stood. At fifteen steps the bear noticed me and stopped. The bear then crossed the creek and disappeared into the alders. Large spruce trees were present, and the forest floor opened up. Countless trails wove in and out, all littered with fish parts and fresh scat.

About eighty yards in, the creek made a ninety degree turn. At this point, there were a series of deeper pools stacked with salmon. The bank was elevated about five feet above the creek here and offered an excellent overlook. I snuggled into the base of one of the large spruce and waited. Time slipped by when I heard loud splashing in one of the pools further upstream. The splashing got louder, and it was not long before I was looking at a very large black bear. A fallen spruce crossed the creek between us and the bear paused at where the deadfall entered the water. While he concentrated on fishing, I eased down the bank. Closing the distance, I ended up on my knees behind a small log on a sandbar. The bear finished fishing and hopped up on a log crossing the sandbar eight steps away. I raised up to clear the bottom limb of my longbow and came to full draw. The bear noticed my movement and took three or four hops forward. Turning, he faced me at twenty five steps. A few very long seconds transpired. The bear then turned one hundred and eighty degrees and headed into the alders without offering a shot.

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Excited about the close call, I did some examination of the downed spruce. I found it provided an excellent elevated position over the head pool. Hoping the bear or one of his brethren would return, I settled in. Time passed when I heard a much louder splashing sound than the spawning salmon. Looking back downstream, I watched as a black bear jumped into the pool of water and came out with a salmon. It went up on the bank and tore into its meal. The second time the bear jumped into the pool, I was sliding off the deadfall. Another jump into pool provided cover for me to cross the creek. Now I was close. Another couple of jumps without fish provided enough distraction for me to close within stickbow range. The bear finally emerged from the pool with a flopping salmon. Instead of climbing the bank, the bear began eating, facing downstream. I eased a couple of steps to the side to open up the angle. Picking a spot, the string slipped from my fingers and the yellow fletching hit below my spot. The bear growled and ran along the edge of the bank and around the corner.

Drawing another arrow, I move up to where the bear was eating. A bit of blood marked the spot. I looked ahead and saw the beginning of a solid blood trail. Moving forward, I came around the bank to a point where I could see a log partially crossing the stream. Behind the log was a thread of water running red, drifting downstream. My bear turned out to be a fat sow. I struggled lifting her out of the water and positioned her on the bank. I completed the piece work. With meat, hide, and head loaded, I managed to get the pack on and get upright. It was time I find John.

Day five found me accompanying Paul. On another stream we found several bears along with what we surmised to be a bear tree. By the time we returned to the boat for lunch we had seen seven different bears, Paul had a deflected shot, lost out on a gimme shot due to equipment failure, and we both had heard several different bear vocalizations. It was quite the morning. At the boat, we found Kevin had been successful with a seven yard shot on a nice boar. After lunch, Kevin and I worked on his bear while the others went hunting. We were finishing up when they called for an early pickup.

Upon arrival to the boat, we found that Paul had hit a big bear. He feared it had been a bit back, so there was a need to give it plenty of time. Over an early dinner, a recovery party was formed including Paul, Allen, and myself. The recovery party started at the site of the hit. The bear was blood trailed through thick devil's club up the side of a



hill. Diligent concentration overcame any trepidation as we pieced the puzzle together. At the end, a happy hunter held the head of the largest bear of the trip.

The final day found us focused on catching halibut. After several hours, it was time to head back to port. Upon arrival, necessary paperwork was completed with the fish processor and the Alaska Fish and Game. We also found that the forest fire we had seen coming in was impacting travel on the highway back to Anchorage. We arranged for an early morning departure and ultimately did not have any delays. A last farewell dinner was enjoyed on the Homer Spit. It was strange sleeping that night on a bed on solid ground rather than being rocked to sleep by the gentle ocean swells.



# Missouri 4½ Decades



Pat Cebuhar, Missouri buck taken from Black Oak stand 1st sit 129 lb. 10 pt. Oct 13, 1984.

## By Pat Cebuhar

I walked into the smoke-filled gas station and told the lady behind the counter that I'd like to buy a non-resident archery hunting permit. I watched intently and answered her questions as she put down her cigarette and scribble printed in my information, pressing hard enough so the carbon copy showed well. In a gravelly smoker's voice she said, "That will be fifteen dollars & forty cents young man." It was my very first "out of state" hunting trip. At seventeen years old, one year of bow hunting experience, I was a totally green bow hunter. I couldn't have been more excited if I were going hunting in Alaska, it was a big deal hunting out of state. It was a whole one hundred and thirty-five miles from home!

Four and a half decades later, the lady behind the counter at the old convenience gas station that still lingered of smoke and nicotine, reluctantly pecked away at a computer looking for the right page on the Missouri Department of Conservation website. Her coworker asked if she needed help before she went outside for a smoke. Intently I watched on, as she clicked away at several wrong choices. I wondered what kind of a permit I'd end up with, until I couldn't stand it anymore. "Right there, that one," I pointed to the non-resident archery hunting permit. She clicked the button and like magic using my well-worn Missouri Conservation Heritage Card, all of my

information popped up complete. The lady hit the print button, and then said, "That will be two hundred twenty-five dollars sir." With that I had just purchased my forty-fifth consecutive Missouri non-resident archery hunting permit. In forty-five years the license price went from \$15.40 to \$225.00 and I went from a "young man" with a scrawny brown beard, to a "sir" (old guy with more salt than pepper in his beard). The Missouri bow hunting experience has been a wonderful journey.

Over the last forty-five years I've been fortunate to have hunted several places but, like they say there's no place like home. Technically home is Illinois but we'll consider the midwest as hunting around home. I have experienced and can appreciate the beauty and sounds of true wilderness, which we often read so much about. But there is also an appreciated beauty of the sounds & scenery of the midwest. As a novice writer I'll try to describe a picture for your mind of my version of what it's been like hunting Missouri for the last four & a half decades. In my mind's eye it has been like living in a painting combined of, and created by, Terry Redlin and Norman Rockwell.

I could hardly wait for school to let out that Friday afternoon the first week of October in 1975. Harold "Bear" Gardner, owner of one of the local archery shops & his son, Derrick (who I went to school with), asked me to go along on a bow hunt in Missouri, at a place called Deer Ridge Wildlife Management Area. They didn't

have to ask twice, any place called "Deer Ridge" had to be really good. We stopped for fuel and to buy our archery permits along the way and we were able to get there in time for a couple of hours of hunting that evening. We parked in a designated parking spot and I was told to drop down over the hill and hunt along the creek until dark. Recurve bow in hand, off I went and I found an oak tree I could climb and worked my way up into a crotch of the tree. There I stood, shifting from one foot to another in the crotch of that tree. Homemade portable treestands were just being invented. I heard talk of them but I had never seen one, or knew anyone who had one. The amount of wildlife in this place called Missouri was amazing. There were so many squirrels, both redfox and grey, it seemed as if the trees were alive. That evening I saw my first real wild turkey as a flock of a dozen or more scratched their way through the timber seeking acorns. That would also be the first time a wild turkey saw me, and gave me an education in how good their eyesight is, what an alarm putt sounds like, and what happens after an old hen starts putting. Non-residents could not hunt turkeys at the time but they were a blessing to watch as they moved through the timber, the evening sun reflecting off their iridescent feathers, changing shades of color from black to greenish shades of purple. A doe and a yearling showed up and competed with the turkeys and squirrels for the acorns. There was way more wildlife here of all kinds





New paint job & roof on Missouri School House 1973.

than at home. About a half hour before dark there was a whistle, Derrick had shot at and hit a buck and came to get me. We went to where he hit the deer and marked the spot and followed the blood trail a very short distance. It was getting dark and we decided we better meet his dad back at the truck. After the details and discussion the elder Gardner said we needed to wait until morning to look for the buck. After a brief hunt in the morning we were on the trail when we found the deer, already field dressed and partially drug kind of in the direction of the truck. Some other hunters had found the deer. As I remember there was a little discussion between adults and they fessed up and Derrick tagged his deer.

I had joined the Central Illinois Bowhunters and probably twenty to twenty-five of the members hunted in Missouri. Six members went in together and bought one acre of ground with a one room old school house on it. The old "One Room School House" quickly got some needed repairs, a new roof and coat of paint and became a cabin. Through CIB I knew all of the owners, two of which were Fred Miller and Jerry Pierce. Those two men would become the mentors, idols, and local legends to many aspiring bow hunters. There was a wide variety of "characters" who hunted out of the cabin over the years.

Long since abandoned as a typical Missouri school house, as a cabin the school house became a facility of higher education, one of bowhunting education. Basic to advanced, bowhunting skills and lessons were taught & learned in that school house over the last half century. Still typical of a one room school house, students, boys and girls of all ages, nine to sixty went to school on bowhunting. Although the mentors shared knowledge freely,

it was however, a school of "hard knocks." Those guys were eager to help you, but smart enough to let you, or make you, earn your own successes. There were NO participation trophies in this group, and in retrospect that was one of the best lessons they could give. It was true bowhunting. It was a "School of Hard Knocks". Success was measured in lessons learned and doing things in the right way. It was bowhunter education before there was such a thing.

Stories of "Hot Spots", "Sure Fire Set Ups" and "Can't Miss Opportunities" and "Just Missed Him" Hunting Stories filled the one room school house every evening around the long dinner table containing a wide variety of food for all to share, much like a buffet.

At the sound of an alarm, a wooden "strike anywhere" match brought the hissing Coleman lanterns to life, lighting the cigarette smoke filled room in the early mornings and late evenings. After the lights went out, the mice came out, their feet pitter patter as they ran around the chair rail boards, and sounds of Jerry's grinding teeth filled the room, now only lighted by the glowing tip of Fred's cigarette coming from his sleeping bag.

Just down the road was the Deer Ridge Store. A small mom and pop shop with a well-worn to a polish black pipe handrail leading you to an old wooden screen door. One of those with a long spring that had a certain creaking noise to it when opened, slamming closed with a distinct sound of two pieces of wood slapping together. The narrow boards making up the oak wood floors had their own distinctive creak, pop, and crack as you walked across the store, there'd be no sneaking up on someone. It was a sound and

scene of past generations. A small bench, a table and chairs next to an oil burning stove was a place for customers & locals to talk about the weather, chew the fat, have a coffee, or drink a bottle of pop. It was a place where you could get a few groceries, fill your water jug at a well pump, get a tank of gas, heating oil, or Ol' Bill or his wife Sue, would make you a cold meat sammich with bottle of pop out of a chest type Coca-Cola cooler. It was a nice mid-day break and public relations opportunity. Wishing all goodbye as you pushed on the metal panel advertising soda that was protecting the screen door, the spring creaked, then pulled the door shut with the distinctive board slapping sound. Today the wind whips through the skeletal remains of the little old store lost to time.

I was a slow learner at the School of Hard Knocks. The Show Me State showed me multiple ways a guy could screw up an opportunity to harvest a deer and I seemed to experience every one. It took seven years before it happened.

It was the first week of November

~ continued on page 32



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House with Jerry Pierce and his son-in-law John, we scouted and found one of those “surefire can’t miss hotspots”. A beautiful secluded narrow creek bottom, bean field on the east side and hillside on the west side full of oaks bearing acorns. An intersection of trails coming off the hillside, into trails paralleling the creek and more coming across the creek to the bean field. It truly was a hot spot. We shot three deer out of the same stand in three consecutive days. It was an exciting week at the cabin and with that being my first Missouri deer it is one that is extra special. Along with another special one a few years later, a nice little ten-point that Jerry insisted that we haul back in the trunk of his Mustang II along with our hunting equipment. Yeah, it wasn’t pretty but we managed it, and the Clampett’s Granny and Jed would have been proud of us!

In 1983, hunting with Gary Orwig, owner of the other local archery shop in Canton, Illinois at the time, we found some private ground to hunt in north Missouri. A local acquaintance had family ties in Missouri. Back in the day getting hunting permission was much easier, especially when they saw you were hunting with a stick and string bow. They just knew you were no threat to the wildlife population, and they seemed kind of amused at the idea. There was a wide variety and abundance of game at the time. With an impressive number of pheasants and quail that greeted each orange sunrise with rooster calls and quail talk. I learned quickly that the opening day of bird season, which traditionally is November 1st, is a good time to be in a treestand. Between the starting of the rut and the orange clad bird hunters the deer were kept moving. It was entertaining to hear distant birdcalls with bells on, being directed by shouts, hollers, and whistles from the hunters. When the bells stopped ringing the dogs were on point, and the silence was followed by a barrage of shotgun fire. It became fairly common to see deer moving well ahead of the bird hunters. But over time the caravans of SUVs and trucks, pulling dog box trailers has long since passed with the depletion of upland game numbers. Gentlemen bird hunters were a part of a nostalgic fall scene of an autumn horizon that I miss.

That was the year I met Willard, a burly farmer who had been listening to us talk at a local coffee shop, he’d been sizing us up. Apparently he decided we were OK, out of the blue he came over and said, “You boys can hunt on me, come get in the truck, I’ll show you where.” From that day on Willard and the love of his life, his wife Claudean treated me like an extra grandkid. I was always welcome and each trip he was after me



Jerry Pierce 75 lb. Button Buck, Pat Cebuhar 140 lb. 5 pt., John Barrett 67 lb. Doe. Missouri Nov. 5, 6, and 7, 1982.

to stop for dinner or supper. There was always room for one more at the antique farm table. I felt welcome and obligated to stop in once or twice a season for supper. Each homemade farm dinner included fresh hot homemade pie. Now according to Willard, a pie “only has four slices in it” and as a general rule is only complete with a heaping scoop of ice cream on top.

The year of The Great Flood in 1993, I bought an old 1966 Yellowstone camper trailer. I pulled the camper down to Missouri shortly after the Mississippi River flood waters receded, but before a twelve mile stretch of highway was completely cleared of the flood waters mud. The trip itself was a bit of an adventure. I parked the old trailer on one of Willard’s farms, it’s days of travel completed, and that’s where it retired. The door on the inside was completely covered with stickers from faraway places, reminiscent of journeys with the previous owners. It was Willard approved, he considered it a great improvement over late winter tent camping. Elmer Servis, Mark Viehweg and I spent several fall seasons using the old Yellowstone as base camp. One day in 2010 I pulled up to the trailer, a plastic bag hung on the door with a letter in it addressed “To Resident.” It was a year 2010 census form. I wondered, could I claim all the mice living in the trailer as dependents? That’s when I realized most of the locals really did accept me more as a resident than most other hunters. Times were changing, there seemed to be a new breed of hunter showing up in the area. I had lost ninety-five percent of the ground I had originally been able to hunt due to sales of property or leasing. By 2015, leaking and mice infested, the property sold and the old ‘66 Yellowstone went to the scrap yard.

Throughout the years, Willard was concerned that I never did catch much with that bow and arrow, he found it amusing that I stayed in my tent in the snow and cold. He said I could stay with them, they had plenty of room and offered to loan me one of his guns. Over time he grew to understand and respect my choice of hunting with a bow. He was pretty proud when I did get something, bragging to his farmer buddies. December 18, 1993 I made a shot on a nice one hundred and forty one pound eight-point buck while still hunting up a brushy creek bottom. As typical on Saturday morning, Willard was headed to the local sale barn. He stopped to talk as I was opening the gate to drive back through the cow pasture to get the deer. Being hard headed, he insisted on helping me get the deer even though I could drive the truck to within fifty yards. He helped as he wanted to, then off to the sale barn he went. That was the last time I saw Willard, he passed away about a month later. I was shocked by the news but honored by the family’s request that I be pall bearer. The same was the case a few years later when Claudean passed. Fond memories of friends made are successes in their own right.

One of my most fond Missouri trophies is a piebald fox squirrel taken in the fall of 1995, in the same draw as the ‘93 buck. I had never seen a piebald squirrel before in the wild until opening weekend of ‘95. The next weekend I got a good look at him and finally on the third weekend I was able to arrow the squirrel. That full story can be read in the first quarter 1996 issue of The Professional Bowhunter Magazine.

There are far too many stories over the past forty-five years to tell here of a rural place called Missouri and it’s bountiful





population of game. Stories of an EHD survivor called “Big Footed Hank”, long beard gobblers & bearded hens, Steve Miller & I at the cabin during Christmas time, smoky tipis, cold nights sleeping in the back of the truck, hunting deer with Dave Emken on “The Hundred” at -14 below, walking to the “Far River Bottom”, crossing the Mississippi River on the ferry boat, bunches of Fred & Jerry stories, and a monsoon buck to name a few. I suppose most of those tales really are nothing more than everyone’s similar hunting story told by a different author. Missouri has blessed me with the opportunity to make friends, bowhunt, and enjoy life at a slower pace.

From the start our mentors had instilled a sense of keeping a journal of dates, weights, animals, numbers and details. With that, as I reach milestone years or numbers, I somehow try to make those a little extra special, if for nothing else the story. Sometimes it even works out. So with 2019 being my forty-fifth year of hunting Missouri I wanted to reap a fall harvest. Visions of an antlered buck hanging on the meat pole for the end of the story danced through my head as did ruminations of the last forty-five years. One of those ruminations was this exact same plan I had five years ago when I hit the forty year milestone. As with many bow hunting adventures that didn’t work out as planned, the 2019 season started out much the same as any other, stands in place and me awaiting my first hunt of the year in Missouri. The first weekend trip resulted in a couple of young deer passing by eating acorns along with a spike buck. There was a spot I have been looking at for years that I thought would make a good place for a stand in an old locust tree. I had a stand up that just didn’t have the right feel after sitting in it a few times, so I moved it to the locust tree. The following weekend I was back in Missouri hunting. It had rained a little over night and it was very foggy, damp & cool that Saturday morning. The heads of

the foxtail grass, were heavy with moisture in the unplanted field and walking back through the waist high grass my wool pants could only repel so much water. The last one hundred yards the wool was overburdened, they gave up and soaked through. In the stand I stood still, leaned up against the tree and tried to keep the pants from touching my legs as they were wet & cold. The trees still holding their leaves were dripping water like it was raining. Cattle bawled for their morning hay, waiting for the sound of the Farmall tractor with the round bail hay spike on back to bring them breakfast, all the while the grain dryer moaned out its one lone tune. It was noisy but it was normal. The forest floor was quiet to the step, and there was no warning something was coming through the morning fog. By the time I sensed something was directly behind me it was too late. A decent buck had slipped in on me and figured me out well before I knew he was near. He hurriedly trotted back across the little creek. He was right there and I had no clue he was within five miles. Only a few minutes later a wily coyote pretty much pulled off the same thing as the buck did.

The evening sounds were much different as the galvanized colored Gleaner combine worked through the surrounding fields. Trucks hauling grain groaned on their way up the small grade, and rattled coming back empty of their load. With a flip of a switch the Gleaner rattled to a stop, all was quiet as I wondered if it had completed its work for the evening or was the cussing & hammering about to start. A pair of raccoons along the creek fussed over something and stirred the grey squirrels which responded in a chatter followed by their squeaky cries for minutes after. The buck never returned that evening. By the following Thursday evening I was back hunting in Missouri. I put up another stand in an oak grove that had proved successful in the past and it looked good. I went and hunted another old reliable stand that evening and watched a couple smaller deer pass by on the

trail below.

Friday morning was much calmer and quieter than the past weekend. It was cool & crisp that morning as I walked through the golden colored foxtail grass laden with some frost. A small buck in the standing bean field was silhouetted against the dark grey skyline. He watched as I went by in the darkness not sure of what creature I was, he showed concern but never got spooked. Climbing into the locust stand it was a cooler day but I was far more comfortable as I was dry this time. A lonely barred owl perched atop a dead snag against a dark grey sky, sang out his one note song awaiting a response from a nearby friend. He repeated himself several times but got no reply. As the dark grey sky faded into a lighter shade the owl abandoned his lookout. It was a hunter’s morning with near perfect conditions. The first daytime creatures, grey squirrels, began their scramble out of their beds, bringing life to the wood lot. More alert this morning and regularly looking behind me, the one place I couldn’t see well or far, I saw part of a buck crossing the little creek headed in my direction down the trail. He passed a mere two feet from the base of the tree as he continued down the trail. At three yards past the tree the feather fletched wood arrow and Bear broadhead buried deep in the buck. He bolted out into the foxtail field looped around & back into the timber. The blood trail started where the arrow hit and was good to the end. I placed my forty fifth year Missouri tag on the two hundred and twenty-one pound buck and gave a quiet thanks. I sat there a few minutes reflecting on the last forty-five years. I was in the same little creek bottom spot where I had shot the buck the day I last saw my friend Willard, the drag to the truck would be the same route. It was also the same place where I had taken the piebald squirrel.

I am blessed to have had the opportunity to experience this place called Missouri for four & a half decades. As a non-resident hunter, I truly appreciate the tolerance, the welcome hospitality, and acceptance as a good friend by the local residents of Missouri. They say as we grow older we appreciate simpler things. I believe it is true. If I could roll back the hands of time I’d love to enjoy those simple days of the past with old friends, those forever lost to time. I like to think guys like Jerry, Fred, & Willard are looking over us, sharing the hunt with us, guiding our arrow to the mark. I hope to be enjoying and celebrating hunting in Missouri at my fifty year milestone. But as we know time brings with it change, and over the last forty-five years we have experienced rapid change. They say we never know what the future holds. I encourage all of us to see and appreciate the beauty of our midwest scenery, downhome country living and enjoy each hunt we get.





# WHITEFEATHER OUTFITTING REVIEW



**By Joe Lasch**

For the past seven years I had the good fortune to be invited to hunt the North Dakota farm of my PBS brother Jim Domaskin. Over our years we often kidded him about all the stuff that was going to be included in our "Outfitter Review" reports. But these weren't outfitted hunts. Jim loved sharing his farm with friends and never charged a nickel for the privilege. They were simply good friends getting together toward the end of fall as a kind of grand finale to the bow

seasons. We called the gatherings the Annual Jimboree. This year after returning home I actually sat down and had this "review" written, just waiting to do final revisions. I planned to submit it to PBS for the magazine as a joke on him. Tragically, On January 3, 2021 Jim passed away in his sleep.

I am deeply saddened that Jim never got a chance to read this "review." He would have gotten such a huge kick out of that. Take it as a lesson never to let a day pass thinking you can always do it tomorrow. Make that phone

call, send a text, plan a hunt or stop for a visit. Don't put it off until it's too late.

We often refer to our PBS brethren as our brothers and sisters. Jim exemplified that attitude. Although we lived far apart and didn't see each other nearly as often as we would have liked we talked frequently and I considered him one of my closest friends. Just like in families, distance doesn't matter. It is the love we have for each other and I loved him like the brother he was.

For the past several years my hunting partner, Ohne Raasch and I have been traveling to North Dakota in early December to hunt with Jim Domaskin of Whitefeather Outfitting. Whitefeather operates an exclusive invitation-only hunt on some beautiful terrain in northwestern North Dakota. Agricultural fields on the high ground

surrounded by steep wooded valleys provide great habitat for white-tail and mule deer as well as turkeys. Occasionally moose and elk are also spotted although tags for those species are limited to residents only.

Two package levels of hunts are offered. The deluxe package



is all inclusive and includes amenities like heated parking for your truck, a mint on your pillow, turkey blind with electricity, and a life sized doll in your private room. The economy package is more spartan but is generally what I have opted for. It requires doing the dishes after each meal, helping with the meal prep, providing the outfitter and guides with beer, wine, whiskey and M&Ms, and cheese. This year I forgot to bring cheese, and since I am from Wisconsin that cost me serious demerits. I can't be certain, but I suspect that mistake cost me when it came time to decide which stand to send me to. One year I was surprised to find that the economy package didn't even include sheets on the bed, although that seems to have been resolved in recent years. My fold out couch bed even had a memory foam topper added. But to be on the safe side it might not hurt to pack a sleeping bag just in case. Curiously, the price of the two package options is actually the same. When I inquired about upgrading to deluxe, I was given a vague answer and a sideways glance about certain additional "favors" that might bestow the higher status. I dropped the subject - I've been very happy with the economy package as is.

Overall, the hunting has been excellent with outstanding quality and quantity of game available. There are times though when there are simply too many deer coming through at once and that can be a real problem in remaining undetected and being able to draw your bow. The hunting could be so much better if the deer were conditioned to come through in groups of no more than two or three at a time. In addition, sometimes they approach too close to the stand/blind locations, again making it difficult to get a shot off undetected. It's tough to remain calm and focused with animals so close you can count their eyelashes. As Ohne can attest this year, such pressure can result in a nerve rattling miss at point blank range.

Deer are hunted from preset stands and ground blinds that have been placed in strategic locations throughout the property. Some of them are easy to access and you can be dropped off in a pickup truck. Others might require a hike of as much as two or three hundred yards, so it is highly recommended you be in good physical condition for this hunt. Oh, and when being dropped off or picked up by Jim be aware that he is somewhat hyper and always in a rush. Make sure to be quick about it or he is liable to run you down, take off with your gear or leave you behind.

During mid-day turkeys offer a nice change of pace and are hunted from very nice bale and pop-up blinds. A flock of as many as two hundred turkeys show up each morning waiting for Jim's wife Mary to feed them in the driveway. House rules state that no hunting is allowed on the mowed areas of the lawn so blinds have been placed to take advantage of the bird's movements after they have had their breakfast and start making their way toward the ag fields. Pro Tip: Shots tend to be very close but of course turkeys are small targets. However, they often come in bunches so wait for them to form a tight group and flock shoot if you can.

Head guide Craig Richardson knows all of the stands very well and does a good job of suggesting the best options for each morning or afternoon hunt based on wind direction

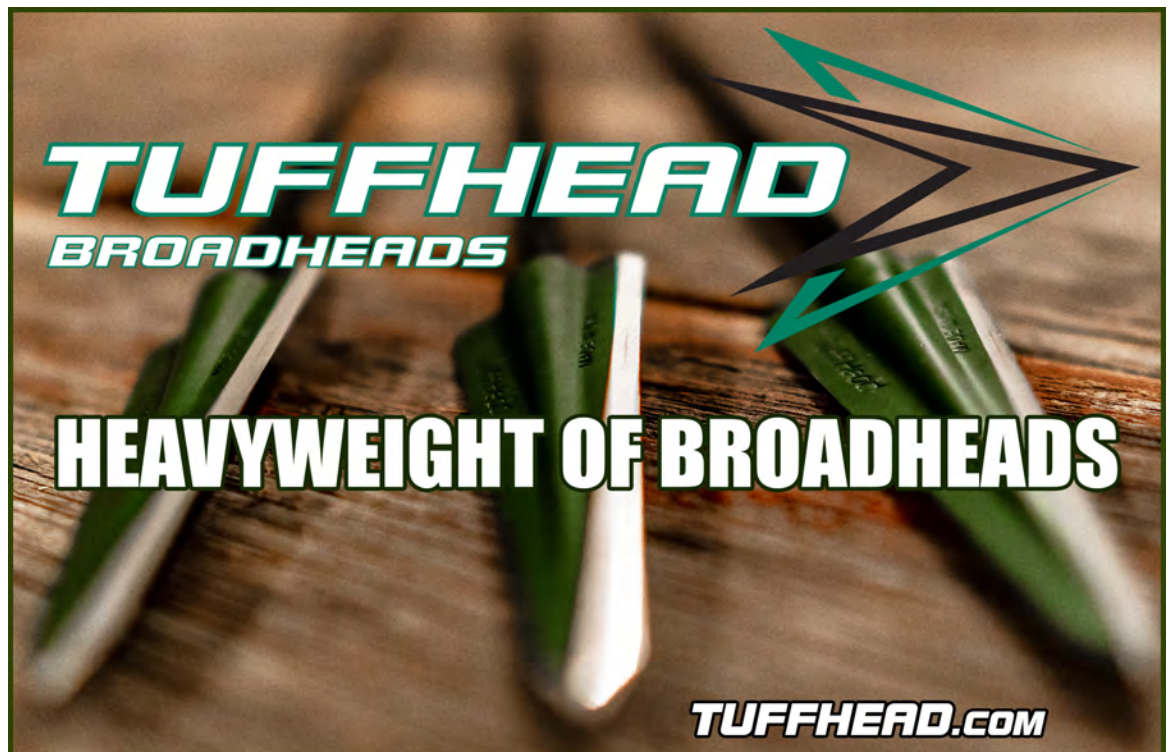
and expected deer movement. Just make sure that he hasn't gotten into the tequila yet. It is wise to get together with him and talk things over before noon if at all possible. Owner Jim Domaskin also knows where all the stands are but does tend to rely more on Craig's input as to which might be best to hunt on any particular day. Also, even though Jim has known the property for his entire life his navigation skills are very limited. I highly suggest using OnX or some other reliable mapping program to verify where you are going. This is unforgiving country and you don't want to be caught wandering around with him in the fog after dark without some sort of backup.

Craig runs an extensive network of trail cameras which helps to give hunters an idea of the trophy quality potential of the ranch. He doesn't actually name the deer but he seems to know each of them intimately. A word of caution is in order though. Those cameras are everywhere, and most are set to video mode. If you happen to take a practice shot at an animal you had better make sure to pull the card and get rid of the evidence somehow. Lose it if you have to. It's worth the demerits.

As in any hunting camp, meals are an important part of the overall experience. On that score I would have to give Whitefeather an A++. Following the morning hunts a hot breakfast is often in order. You won't want to miss out on Jim's homemade pancakes topped with Mary's syrup. The evening meals are really a highlight after a long day of hunting. This year the menu included smoked brisket, roasted ham, filet mignon and fried walleye. For the walleye this year Jim and Craig really went above and beyond by taking the boat to the lake the day we were scheduled to arrive. They were able to "get" six beautiful freshly caught walleyes to bring back for us. Notice that I didn't mention who actually caught them. It turns out that Jim and Craig actually got skunked, but ran into a friend that knew how to fish the lake and fortunately took pity on them, giving them his entire catch.

All in all, I would have to give Whitefeather Outfitting two thumbs up. They truly go all out to show you a good time and am looking forward to a return visit next year. As long as your expectations are realistic you won't go home disappointed.

*Rest in peace my friend. You were a real cowboy.*





# EVA COUGAR FALL 2020

By Caleb Deitz

It was an average Saturday afternoon. After reading copious volumes of Sesame Street and dinosaur books, my three year old daughter was finally asleep. I was just sitting down to give my pregnant wife a foot rub (believe what you may here but as the storyteller I get to paint myself a hero) when from the back room came the familiar thumping of my youngest daughter.

When this girl wakes up there are no quiet cuddles or sleepy snuggles. Instead she grips the bars of her cage (crib) and rattles them for freedom like an extra in a prison movie. Worried that she might wake her older sister I grabbed my trusted Bear Super Kodiak, a kid carrier backpack and the inmate in question and made a break for the door. It being archery season I left my trusted pack of labradors behind, a choice I would come to regret.

Eva and I headed to a favorite riverside spot of mine. The bulk of the four-hundred-plus acres of public land is spruce and fir forest with flood breaks filled with maple, aspen and cottonwood. The public land in this area is surrounded by small farms and little suburban neighborhoods. Our town is directly across the river from this spot.

Eva and I began working north off one of the main hiking trails. We slipped along a deer trail in one of the hardwood breaks between the only two open fields. The brush and trees are thick in this spot but the whole break is probably only one hundred feet wide.

About forty yards after leaving the main trail we spotted a few loose goose feathers. As we continued there were clumps of feathers, like some small predator had gotten a hold of a goose but had been hard pressed to finish it off. Thinking that we might find a coyote or a fox when we got to the kill I put a judo point on the string and began creeping along the trail. Eva, sensing my focus had gotten quiet and watchful as well.

Finally after another thirty to forty yards of quiet stalking I spotted the body of a goose through the brush. Something was off though. The goose was too white to be a canada and it was too early in the year for any other species. Also this goose was much too big. As we slowly crept closer it began to move. The goose took a few staggering steps but then sat back down, for all appearances like an animal that is dying but still moving on adrenaline alone. As we got closer I realized why everything looked wrong. This was a domestic goose! The poor creature had one wing ripped off, an eye was hanging loose from the socket, blood dripped from a large gash in its chest. Looking at it I was filled with pity and began to put tension on the string, thinking to finish it off.

Some instinct stopped me. That feeling of eyes on you that we as hunters all know. I quickly replaced the judo on my sting with my best Zwickey broadhead, scanning the woods for what I had missed. Fatherly instincts took over my hunter's desire to find what triggered my reaction. Realizing I only had my bow and pocket knife to defend my daughter I decided I would feel much better if I were out in the open on either side of this break rather than in the thick brush in the middle. From previous knowledge I knew that the brush opened up in another fifty feet. From there I could easily get back into the open field.

Slowly Eva and I crept through the woods, the dark lifting incrementally with each step I took towards the field. After another ten feet we came across a large patch of feathers. Not sure if they were from the same goose I stopped and looked around, taking in my surroundings. A flicker of movement caught my eye and from behind a large petrified pine



stump slinked an adult mountain lion! It was looking in our direction, I'm sure confused by the four-armed, two-headed monster that faced it. The lion blocked our path, to each side was heavy brush and behind us was its meal. I stood up straight to make us larger, sure that it would run. In response the lion pulled back its lips to reveal its large front fangs and began to hiss.

I growled in return, a tactic that has worked in the past on black bears and wolves I've encountered while working out in the woods. When the lion's only reaction was to pull its lips further back I realized this was not a bluff. Cursing myself for not buying a lion tag this year I began to draw. The possibility of losing my hunting privileges for a couple years was well worth protecting my little girl. Thankfully Eva was silent and still, this was not a stump shot to be missed due to her wriggling. A calm settled over me. Realizing there was no clean body shot through the brush I focused on the black at the back of the lion's throat. Never have I been so confident in a shot. I could visualize the arrow hitting its mark.

Just as I prepared to release something else shifted from behind the stump. I reduced the tension on the string as out bounced a playful fuzzy lion kitten. Oblivious to me, she pranced past her mother, headed away from Eva and I. The mother lion and I both began to back away, two predators ready to kill to protect our young. For a moment we locked eyes in mutual understanding. As the lion turned away I finally began to breathe again. WHAP! Something hit me in the back of the head! I jumped out of my skin, turning quicker that I thought I was able. Eva giggled as she hit me again with the small branch she had pulled off the dead maple we were standing under. Laughing under my breath I contorted myself through the brush backwards to get Eva and I to the field beyond. Once we were clear of the brush out in the field I looked back to check on my sweet girl, now sound asleep and snoring.



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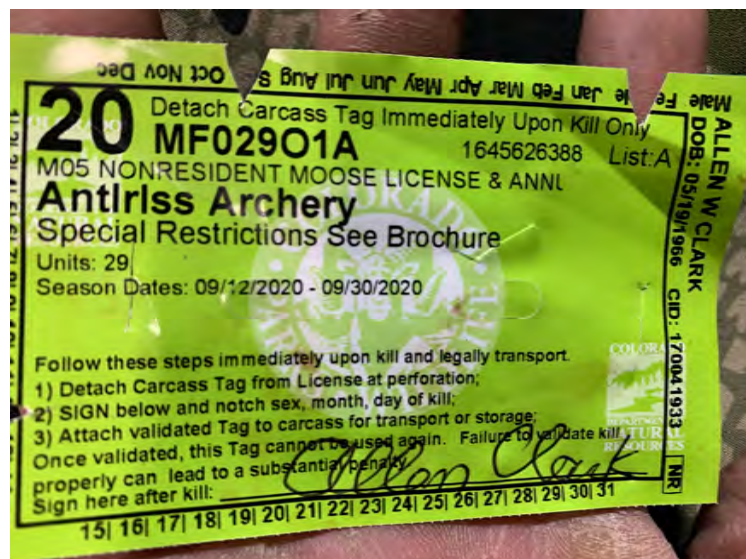
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# COLORADO MOOSE

By Allen Clark

**M**y Lifetime Shiras quest started fourteen years ago when I made the decision to start applying for points in Colorado, Utah and Montana. My original plan was to accumulate the needed points to have a chance at one of the coveted bull tags. Of course applying in multiple states would increase my odds. I soon realized that most would never draw, so I have been looking at other options.



As time went on I realized the reason I hunt is for the adventure. Since it is the same adventure to hunt for a cow as it is a bull and much easier to draw, I decided to apply for a cow tag in Colorado.

This past year was particularly rough on our family, so it was the last day to apply before I could commit. I had a feeling I would draw and when the results came out, it was confirmed.



Having my good friend, Marv Clynke living in Boulder, I leaned on his lifetime of experience in unit 29. He was elated to hear I had drawn and offered several areas to check out. I was fully prepared to go solo, but I was able to talk a good young friend of mine into going along to help get it out.

The season started September 12th so we left on the 9th so as to give a couple days to look over the unit. Driving through the night we arrived at Marv's and put all of our information on my map. The next afternoon we drove up the mountain to the trailhead at 10,200 feet. Upon arrival we were greeted with two inches of snow and high winds. We set up our tents and started to cover ground; learning the area roads and possible looking spots. The area had several bogs and willow flats that proved to hold moose. One very nice bull was sighted.

As darkness fell into night, I was able to check my phone messages and found that another good friend, Herb, had decided to drive out and meet me Friday afternoon to offer any assistance I might need. I sent him my location. I don't think he thought that through as he would find out a few days later.

Friday morning we got away from the road and started glassing from high vantage points. I also ran into a couple locals with a bull tag that were kind enough to point me to an area they had seen several



cows in their scouting. By days end we had spotted a couple more bulls and one big cow without a calf that I would put my hopes on the next morning's opening day.

The next morning, Herb had found our camp. Together the three of us worked to find me a cow that I could get a shot at.

Saturday morning found the parking area running over with trucks, ATVs and hikers. It turned out opening day of blackpowder elk and deer were quite popular.

I was in position when three trucks parked nearby and three hunters in orange walked right into my setup. Plan B was to get a little further from the road. The three of us went on a little jaunt and by afternoon we had covered a fair amount of ground with no moose sighted. We decided to split up and glass from high points to cover more ground efficiently.

I sat in the shade high up on a knob overlooking a large bog. I had just set up my spotter when I saw a large bull come out of the timber down below. He fed out in the willows for about fifteen minutes then





went back in the timber.

As the afternoon wore on, a number of hikers walked close by without knowing I was there. Later in the evening the bull came back out for a short time, as well as a big cow that was at the far end of the bog. She was so far away, I almost talked myself into waiting until morning to pursue her. I'm glad I didn't.

My challenge was to cover the distance before shooting light ended. After some convincing from the others, I decided to give it a try. I left Herb at my vantage spot to keep an eye on things.

I marked the spot and away Moses and I went down the mountain in a bit of a rush. As we got down across the valley to the other side, I dropped my pack and slowly slipped along the edge just inside the timber. I eased up to my marked spot - no sign of her. I was sure I was in the right spot, so I moved up slowly a few steps at a time while glassing the area.

Looking ahead I suddenly saw antler tines sticking up. Another bull I had not seen before was bedded fifty yards in front of me. I was sure the cow was close by so I just waited and watched.

Suddenly I heard brush popping and saw the cow out in the edge of the bog. The bull got up and followed her out. They fed away from me not knowing I was there. I slipped up to them hiding behind a



small bush. The bull raked and grunted. Man if I had that bull tag now!

I knew my chances of getting by the bull were slim so I took a few pictures and backed out. I got back into the edge of the timber and circled around in front. I had a hard time finding a path through the brush to get to

~ continued to page 40

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~ continued from page 39 → the edge of the bog quietly.

I took my time and got there. I could hear them coming along the edge to me. I got into a position to shoot as I knew it was coming.

Her ears and head came into view through the brush. She stopped once, but the brush prevented a clear shot. She took two steps to my right and stopped again. I slowly drew and focused on a spot on her side, then I took the shot I was given.

My seven hundred grain arrow quickly covered the twenty-five yards and appeared right on the spot I was looking. I knew in an instant I got her. Oh my! She ran to my right for a couple hundred yards, made a hook out of sight and crashed.

I saw my arrow had stopped at the feathers, almost a complete pass through. Suddenly the bull came crashing by, running over to her and standing by her side. He soon wandered off as we worked the trail closer. I later learned Herb had watched the whole thing from above and had pictures through his scope.

While I calmed my nerves, the two packers arrived. We all followed the trail to recovery, man what a sight. That was a lot of meat laying there!

We had forty-five minutes before dark so we knew we were in for a late night. With the three of us working together, we got it quartered, in bags and hung up by ten o'clock that evening.

Arriving back at camp by twelve o'clock we had no trouble getting to sleep. Early the next morning we went back for the final pack out. While I boned out the meat, Herb and Moses started taking loads out. By noon we had all three hundred pounds in coolers. We also had to bring the head out to show the Fish & Game. Eight round trips at two miles each. We knew it was going to be the best meat ever. With those



two doing most of the work, I only had to carry one load out.

I shot this moose with my fifty-nine pound Stalker longbow and a seven hundred grain carbon arrow with an Eclipse head. Thanks to good friends Herb and Moses for their help. They were a little sore the next morning but good over all. We will see if they change their tune next time when I draw my goat tag!! Special thanks to Marv & Judy Clynke for putting up with us and providing me with invaluable information.

## My Open Door

~ continued from page 23 →

to look so we decided to go for a hike at another farm, take a nap, and then go back to the farm to do what needed to get done.

Paul and I formulated a plan. We decided that we would go into the timber slowly and quietly watching for the buck, in case we jumped it, and made our way to the doe. I knew where she had crashed and we were able to get the doe and drag her to the field edge. I field dressed her outside of the timber to minimize noise and disruption in the timber. We then decided to wait about a half hour more giving the buck time if needed. We re-entered the woods and went to the tree I was in before. It was at the edge of a draw and we thought there was a chance the buck bedded in the draw to expire. We knew we might still bump the deer from a bed so we decided that Paul would stay at the top and watch for anything. I then started on the trail the buck went on. I found part of my broken arrow and a lot of blood. I was shocked with the amount of blood that came from a gut shot. Thinking the buck might be at the bottom of the draw I walked, watching for a deer to jump up. The blood trail took a right and I missed it as I was wanting to clear the bottom of the draw before we really started blood trailing. I motioned for Paul to come down and that I had found blood. Paul walked down the hill to meet me looking down at the ground as he came. Paul stopped, looked down, and saw blood. He had intercepted the blood trail on his way down and motioned with a point that the blood was going "that way." I looked in the direction he was pointing and there he was, fifty yards in front of me. I ran like a child with excitement to the buck. I even fell on my way after I tripped on a tree root. Luckily I didn't get hurt or break my bow. I was so grateful that we found it.

When we field dressed this buck, we realized he had expired much quicker than we anticipated. I believe that the sound I heard shortly after the shot was the buck crashing. The arrow didn't pass through because the shot wasn't a straight gut shot. We found the arrow entered where I had thought but then travelled from the guts, through the liver, and to the lung as the arrow was stopped by an offside rib. We believed that the deer was spinning when I hit it which caused a severe quartering away shot.



In my mind it all happened so fast I didn't realize that. I just remembered seeing the arrow enter the deer and where it was. We got the buck out of the woods and went to the top of a hill at the farm and enjoyed the sunset while having a beer.

What made the day so special was doing it with my uncle Paul, on his farm, with a recurve, and he was with me when I recovered my first double. I would never have experienced bow hunting, let alone, my first double without him and the lessons that he taught me. I'm a hunter because of Paul, a traditional bow hunter because of Paul, and a PBS member because of Paul. The doors you open for people into our sport is what will keep our sport and club alive. Who have you shared your love of bow hunting with? Thank you Paul, for opening this door for me, and for being my mentor.



# THE HOG JOHN RIVER



By Jeff Holchin

One of my favorite bowhunting books is Jay Massey's classic *Bowhunting Alaska's Wild Rivers*, mostly for the adventures contained within the pages but also for the clever way that Jay, Doug Borland and Dick Hamilton made up a fake name for the river upon which they began outfitting bowhunters (many of them PBSers) for moose/caribou float hunting adventures in 1983, in an attempt to protect that river from overhunting as long as possible. And why not? They did all the hard work to find it and work out the logistics for their hunting operation. When I read or hear accounts from hunters who were fortunate enough to have been on a Moose John River hunt, you can tell it was a special hunt for them. One of my favorite articles about participating on that hunt was by Gene Wensel, in which he describes faking poor woodsman skills so that his type A personality partner (Paul Brunner) would do all the work! Good thinking Gene, I might try that trick on my next moose hunt. You can also tell that the hunt was no walk in the park; a LOT of hard work was required and it wasn't for everybody – in fact a few bowhunters were heard to mutter, "Never again!" when their hunt was over, although most quickly forgot the soaking wet clothes from rain or getting dumped into the river by sweepers, aching arms from endless rowing, tired legs from dragging heavy rafts through shallow water,

etc. River hunting is never easy.

I have been fortunate to experience something similar but on a much smaller scale, when I decided to begin hosting annual hog hunts in coastal Georgia for the PBS. I live in North Carolina and have hunted hogs from North Carolina to Florida, but believe that Georgia offers the best (and cheapest) public land hog hunting in the southeast. I had killed a few hogs at the military base Ft. Stewart near Savannah, which has a campground and allows civilians to hunt, so that first year some other PBSers joined me there. Unfortunately my favorite units happened to be closed for training during that period, so we didn't find many pigs, one guy named Bob got lost and ended up in a restricted area, Julian Tisdale almost stepped on a gator and another guy's car got stuck in the sand and had to be pulled out by a tank. A typical Holchin hunt, some might say, but I knew that I had to find a better area to host the next PBS hog hunt. Cory Mattson had written an article or two in the TBM about coastal hog hunting by boat, and my Georgia friend Robert Carter had taken me hunting on a nearby river that had some hogs that could be reached by boat. I had recently bought my very first boat, a 16-foot flat-bottomed Carolina Skiff, which should be perfect on river hunts for hogs. I had learned how to use it on the small, calm lakes back home in NC. What could go wrong? Ha! Let me count the ways.

I would soon learn that river hunting, whether in Alaska or Georgia, is not easy

and not for everybody. One advantage Jay had over me was that he was a river rat and completely at home on a river, while I am a landlubber who — *~ continued on page 42*



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~ continued from page 41

is never comfortable on a boat. As they say, simply owning a boat does not make the owner a captain! One of my PBS “friends” calls me “Cap’n. Crunch” while another calls me “Killswitch” after he witnessed a rather embarrassing incident involving me and a safety feature that I was unaware of until then, while we floated towards the ocean at dusk... Somebody asked me, as we were shuttling his hunting gear to camp, why I always wear a life jacket, and I could see him tense up when I replied, “Because I don’t trust the captain.” Despite all of this, I was determined to give river hunting for hogs a try, so I loaded up the boat with my camping and hunting gear one cold January weekend for a solo exploratory hunt. I learned several important lessons on that hunt, including to start the outboard BEFORE I put the boat into the river, that tide tables are gospel on a coastal river, even ten miles from the ocean, to ALWAYS have an extra can of gas on the boat, and that sandbars and sunken logs are serious dangers to avoid. Despite all my rookie mistakes on that maiden river voyage, I found a boar not one hundred yards from my primitive river campsite and put an arrow through his heart at less than ten yards! Like Jay and the boys on their first river hunt when their hard work paid off with a bull moose full of arrows, I was forever hooked on river hunting! One cool thing was that this campsite on a sandy bluff featured an “oyster shell midden”, meaning that Indians had used it for many years as a campsite. My imagination raced when I stayed up late on that riverbank nursing a







small campfire, listening to the swamp sounds and thinking of the past archers who had strung their bows here. If only those old oak trees with their hanging Spanish moss could tell their stories, of what they had witnessed and overheard!

Excited by my initial success, I invited a dozen PBS buddies to join me later that year and they came from all over the country. Luckily there were some more experienced boaters in the group plus a canoe and another boat, because I managed to get stuck on a sandbar the first day while shuttling the bowhunters to camp, and learned an expensive lesson by burning up the engine when the water pump failed. If I hadn't panicked and simply waited several hours for the tide to raise the river level, I would have been fine, but noooooo! Bobby Parrot saved that hunt when he used his larger and very nice boat to shuttle the hunters to points far and near. I always talk to the local game warden on such hunts, and this one recommended that we go downriver towards the ocean and try "Hog Island" since the hogs near the primitive river camp were not being very co-operative. Bingo! We immediately got into multiple groups of hogs, arrows started flying and we eventually had a kill. The hunt was a success and plans were made to return the next year, which eased the pain of the big repair bill to rebuild the outboard on my boat, this time with a much better water pump and heat alarm.

We started out the next year's hunt at the upriver primitive campsite with over a dozen hunters, but after several days of steady cold rain and little pig action, we

relocated to a new downriver campsite on a small coastal island with a floating dock that the locals dubbed "Rattlesnake Island", for some reason. It was much closer to Hog Island and during a pre-season scouting trip, I had found hogs on a handful

*~ continued on page 44*

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of nearby islands, plus there was an old flooded rice field surrounded by a dike system next to camp, that allowed some dry land hunting opportunities for those who didn't fully appreciate the boot-sucking mud that was a constant feature on those wet coastal islands. Use of hip boots or chest waders is mandatory here, and several PBSers discovered the joys of quicksand-like "pluff mud", becoming so stuck that they had to be pulled out by others. After seeing one big New Yorker get stuck twice, a hungry vulture kept an eye on Sean for days as a potential meal. We came to love Rattlesnake Island, well most of us did, and the highlight of each day would be sitting around the evening campfire, telling stories and enjoying some fine meals. Often a story would be interrupted by the loud squeals from hogs on our or nearby islands. Tim Antoine came to enjoy this hunt so much that he bought his own boat and began co-hosting with me. So many PBSers have experienced this hunt over the years. Members have come from all over the country, and we've had some exciting times and even killed some hogs. Taking our cue from Jay, Doug and Dick, we decided to dub this river the "Hog John River" in hopes of protecting its true name from inquiring minds. Numerous people looking for a place to hunt hogs on public land have asked us its true identity, but so far our ruse has worked in our favor. Some of the "highs" include bowhunters killing their first hog, the father-son team of Paul and Richard Ladner doubling up not once but twice, finding abandoned boats, Tim being surrounded by rutting boars with a sow in heat one evening on Hog Island and having to shoot his way out, several hunters actually sleeping overnight in a "hog nest" to kill the returning pig in the morning, and the signing of Brad Hawkins to a long-term contract to be the official camp chef (that man can cook!). Some of the "lows" include a few boats getting stuck on sandbars or mud flats, run-ins with the local poachers that live-catch hogs for re-sale to hunting clubs, a local bully threatening to kick my butt when my bow waves rocked his boat, and finding the carcasses of dozens of hogs that the Feds had shot from a helicopter right before our hunt. Not everybody has loved this hunt – we have a saying that you will either love or hate it on the very first day; there is no in-between. One year we arrived to find Hog Island afire with one hundred foot tall flames, and the authorities were looking at us suspiciously, and another year a PBSer from Florida arrived with a boat that had a bad motor – we towed it into camp and back to the boat ramp several days later, to the amusement and catcalls from the



locals. Another year, I stayed a little longer after everybody else had left, and decided to try a new island that a local said had some big hogs. He warned that there was only a one-hour window of access at high tide, because of the shallow water – I planned a quick scouting hunt but lost track of time when I encountered one hog after another and had some amazing action. When I finally remembered, I ran back to my boat to find it high and dry, and it was near dusk with an approaching storm – it was a long cold ten hour wait for the next high tide and I had to do my first night ride to get back to the boat ramp before dawn. Several years ago we tried a tiny two acre island that we had always sailed right past, and found a small group of hogs there. The first day that we hunted them was exciting in the chaos of squealing pigs and arrows flying in such a small area. The next day was more of the same, but somehow the pigs managed to escape unharmed. Amazing! We dubbed the island "Slaughter Island" as the full camp of archers planned our assault at breakfast on the third day. We would finally put some pork in the coolers! Wrong – we were disappointed to find an empty island an hour later; the pigs had abandoned ship and swam to safer places. One year we had several heavy-duty snorers in camp and their nasally sounds actually called some nearby rutting bull alligators to the camp, with one even crawling up to the tents. We've had rattlesnakes, otters and hogs in camp, and a whale surfaced next to the floating dock one year! Last year when I went to the nearby marina for gas and ice, the owner asked what I was doing and when I said hog hunting, he asked if I was part of that "crazy bunch that actually camps on Rattlesnake Island and hunts pigs with stickbows". I nodded and smiled, proud to be in such good company!





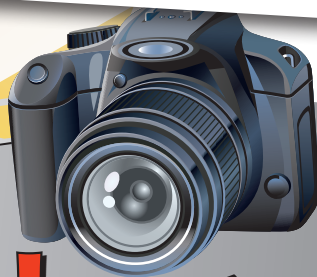
Jim Akenson used a Liberty Longbow, wood arrows with Zwickey No Mercy broadhead, to harvest this SW Oregon blacktail while stalking at twenty-three yards, November 2020.



Taken by Preston Lay on November 17th in Osage County, Oklahoma. Preston used a BlackWidow bow, carbon arrow and 4 blade Zwickey broadhead. This was Preston's final buck tag in the Oklahoma 2020 season capping off a very exciting fall hunting season in spite of the world's problems.

# Member

# Photos

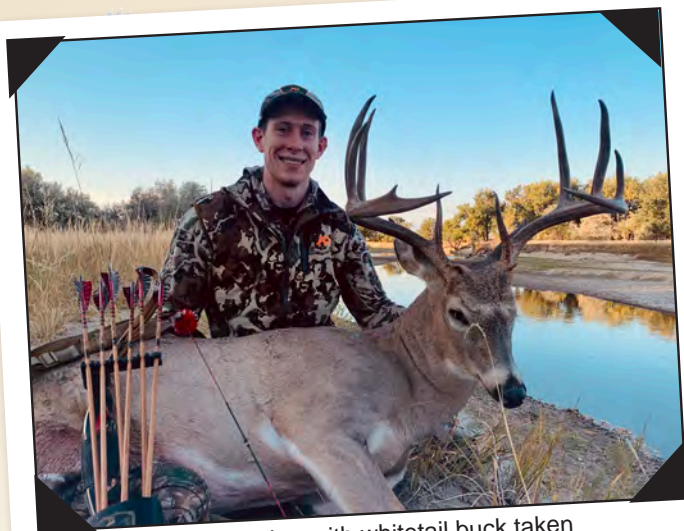


Keith Thompson with his 2020 October Texas buck



Mike Schneider with his 1 X 4 non-typical buck





Eric D. Parker with whitetail buck taken during his first western trip to southeast Montana.



# Member

# Photos



**PBS members gather for a hunt in South Texas in Jan. 2021.**  
L-R Mike Mitten, Don Parks, Preston Lay, Barry Wensel, Marty McMahon, Ed Downey, Dan Daly

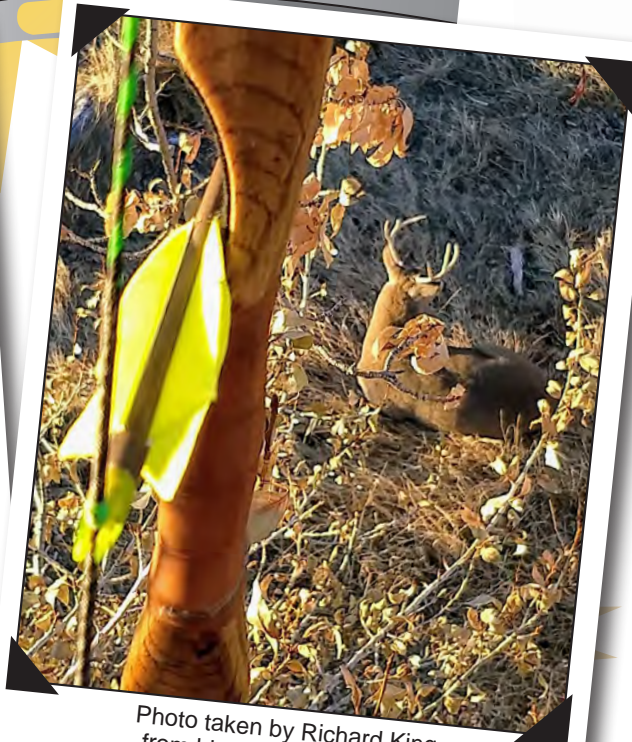
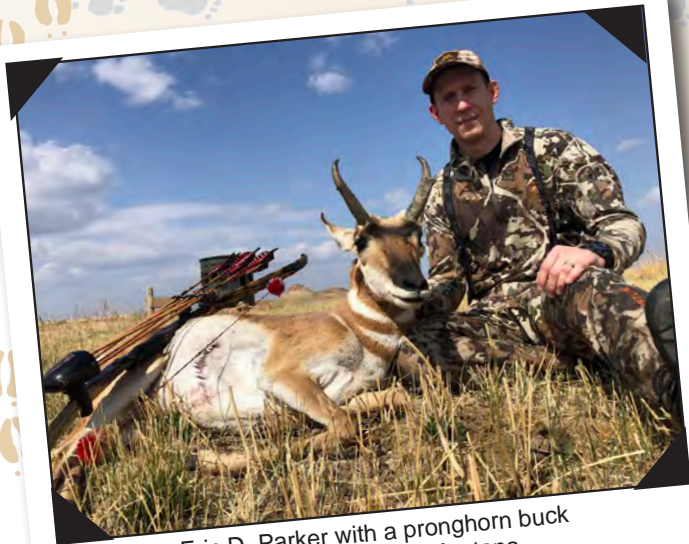


Photo taken by Richard King from his tree stand last fall.





Eric D. Parker with a pronghorn buck taken in southeast Montana.



Buddy Darden Thomson, GA ambushed this boar hog on the December PBS/TBG Blackbeard Island hunt using a 46# Blackwidow recurve, Surewood shaft, with 160 grain ACE broadhead.

# Send in your photos!

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# Member

# Photos



Greg Szalewski shot these deer with his "Robertski" recurve (Robertson riser, homemade limbs). 3Rivers Traditional Only shafts, and Woodsman broadheads. The buck is from his home state of Wisconsin and the doe is from Iowa.





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